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THE LOCK OF HAIR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How often has this lovely tress
Been toyed with, thrown and darkled with you!—
How oft round snowy fingers twined—
How oft round lip the scarcer wound—
And, oh! how oft at midnight hour,
When mother sighed in half-and-heaven,
Has curl, self-coiled like a dove,
Been heard the whispered oceanus of love!

This lovely tress—this raven tress—
That oft in heart-and-by I press;
I know not if a soul it rock
The human soul is in the lock,
Or if the severed tongue creeps,
Or on her hearing tree was laid,
Or life upon the deathless roots
Of her young stock—I only know
It is the loveliest of curls,
And from the loveliest of girls!

Ay, 'tis a thing to love and bless,
This little dark and shining tress;
Dark as the midnight forest's gloom,
Dark as the tempest ocean's plume,
Dark as the storm-bird's—dark as soul,
But shining as the battle steed,
When, in the front of war, he goes
Snorting, yet black a thing of flowers
As night dream—a gentle story
Sent forth from God's own ark of love—
A circle come from Paradise
A relic to glorious mortal eyes—
A star, of Heaven's own stars the peer,
Gleamed in the dark world's stormy sky.

THE LOST TREASURE;

OR,

THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER I.

THE OLD KNIGHT AND HIS PUPIL.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in early May, and the sun, which was just lifting his refulgent face above the stern peaks of the eastern sierras, touched with its golden beams the quiet valley of Old Castile. In the north, nestled away in a deep nook at the foot of the Cantabrian Mountains, and within the bounds of the town of Reynoso, stood a small, white cot, upon the pure walls of which the bright rays of morning streamed with a strange luster. The bleak mountains looming in the south; the broad plain sweeping away to the west, and the deep, dark wood, close at hand, upon the south and east, all looked grim and stern, while the white cot, standing boldly out to catch and flash back the sunbeams, seemed a spirit presence there, telling to the mountain, and plain, and wood, that the day-king had come.

But the cot stood not alone. Near it was a stable, built of gray stone; a somewhat extensive, thick-ly covered with Castering vines; and a small chapel, with its shrine and cross. Near at hand murmured a stream of cool, limpid water, which took its rise high up among the mountains, for awhile dashing in white foam over its course of rocks, but becoming calm and peaceful ere it reached the quiet cot.

The sun had but just cleared the mountain tops when the door of the cot was thrown open, and two men came forth. He in advance leaped lightly out upon the green lawn, and his bound beneath he seemed actually as he would in the fresh, morning air. He was a young man, not over one-and-twenty, and his form and carriage gave token of the stern, strict life he had led in those northern fastnesses. He was tall and massive in frame, though not out of proportion. His arms, his shoulders, his breast, his loins, and his lower limbs, were made for each other—they could sustain each other in toil and hardship; and in the long chase, or in the fierce conflict, he could endure without a weak point. And had that head been cast upon a battle-field a close student would have had no difficulty in finding the body to which it belonged. The hair was very short, and clustered in masses of pure raven curls about a broad, full brow, and gracefully arranging neck. The eye was large, black, and lustrous, but not so fiery as some black eyes. Its light was soft and radiant, and full of kindness and good-will; though there were those who had seen it burn and sparkle with a strange, warning intensity, when its mate was in sense, and the fray grew warm about him. His features were in keeping with the rest of the man. They were not so dark as those of the more southern climes, and were fashionly regular and symmetrical. In short, Enrique de Monava, was all that could be desired by the most enthusiastic painter as a model for a champion of chivalry. His whole life, as far back as he could remember, had been spent among those mountains, and his daily habits had all tended to develop the moral and the physical man. He dress was light and simple; a shirt, or short frock, of crimson wool, the full sleeves studded with blue, secured at the wrists by a broad leathern belt, within which was stuck a small dagger; leggins of chamois skin; and simple sandals upon the feet; while his dark locks were half concealed by a bonnet of purple velvet.

Enrique's companion was an old man, white-haired and bent; but he was large of frame, and must once have been strong and powerful. He had seen his threescore years and ten, and though they had stamped themselves upon his features in many a line and deep furrow, yet they had not taken one jot from the noble, generous fire he had always worn. He stepped more slowly than did the youth, and there was a limp in his gait. He suffered—at times severely—from a wound received many years before.

"Where is that lazy Gomez?" cried the old man, turning towards the cot after he had reached the lawn.

"Never mind him," said Enrique. "Let him sleep. Gomez Bamilde is a good man and a faithful servant, and we will bear with his laziness."

"Aye," quietly rejoined the first speaker, in an earnest tone. "He is a good and faithful fellow. And let me tell you, my son, you must make the most of him. He will be your only companion ere long, and I give you my word you will find him a valuable ass."

"Why, what do you talk so?" exclaimed the youth, with a show of impatience. "He my only companion ere long! What's the use? You know many good, long years of life left yet. Why—you are as firm and strong as yonder sycamore."

"Ah, Enrique, you know not what you say. The wound that received More gave me at Alcaraz has been eating away my life these many years; and but for the noble kindness of a dear friend I should have died then."

"Who was that dear friend?—my father?" asked Enrique, earnestly. "You speak of him often, but you never have yet told me his name."

"Never mind, my son," replied the old man, with a show of uneasiness. "You never knew him, and would not now were I to tell you. But let that pass. You think I am childish—do you?"

"No, no, father."

"It's all the same. You think I am looking for the grim, dark enemy without cause; but I assure you it is not so. I feel the cold hand I have upon me, and I know that a few short weeks—"

"Stop, stop—I'll not listen!" cried Enrique, impatiently. "You shall not talk of leaving me."

"I'll say no more. But, my dear boy, watch for the setting sun!"

This was spoken so deeply, so strangely, so solemnly, and with such intensity of feeling, that the youth was for the moment overcome. There was a note of death in the very look and tone of the aged sire, and a painful thrill of the wasted hand to that old wound upon the breast gave superior force.

"But come," cried old Fernandez de Monava, as he saw the impression he had made upon his youthful companion, "we'll say no more about that now. Let's to our duties. The sun never bruises neigh. By the cross, they should have been fed half an hour ago."

The light in the youth's sparkled as he spoke of his horse; and he scanned so cheerful now that Enrique almost began to think what he had said was but the moments before.

They went to the stable and led forth two coal-black steeds. They were Moorish horses and bred in Andalusia, and their joy upon seeing their master was manifested in a way that would seem to imply a gratitude and knowledge far above mere instinct. They neighed off to the clear stream and shaked their third, and having galloped about the plain a few moments they returned to their waiting owners.

Just at this moment a third person made his appearance at the door of the cot. He was a squab-looking fellow, short and stout, and bonest, though a strong expression for the wily sometimes detracted from his brave look. He was a short, squab-built man, with massive shoulders; long, stout arms; huge hands and feet; and with a pair of dumpy legs that bowed out till they formed a very fair ellipse. His over-sized head was covered by a crop of dense hair, belonging his Northern origin, though he was born in Arragon. His red face was the mirror of honest good-nature, and there was a cast of wit and shrewdness in it, too, which was not to be mistaken.

"How now, sluggard?" cried Enrique, as Gomez Bamilde came rolling up in his clumsy, rocking gait, "how can you lie in bed when that bright sun is up?"

"You do see wrong, my young master," quietly returned Gomez, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a wink of the eye. "Since I found to find myself of a cool morning many times 'tween noon-tide, I'll come out of bed quickly so any sun that ever was made. But mind you, the sun don't have a nine bed to sleep in; if he did you might find the night come strangely long."

"They would if you were the sun, no doubt. But never mind. Sir Fernandez is old and weak, and we from the best."

"Just what I came for, good master." And then repairing Gomez hastened to the old man's side, and took charge of his beast.

In a short time both horses had been thoroughly cleaned, and then Gomez went in and brought forth his own beast, which he treated in the same manner. After this the three went into the cot and ate their breakfast, which Enrique had prepared ere the sun was fairly up.

"Now, my dear boy," said the old man, as they arose from the board, "I must see you would your weapons once more."

"What, my sword, father, and many times more. Shall it be in my room?"

"No. Let me see you wield scimitar with the spear and the ax."

Enrique bowed assent, and then retired with Gomez. When he next appeared, he was clad in buckskin steel from head to foot. His helm was of solid metal, surmounted by a tuft in the form of a hand, three of the fingers closed, with the index and middle pointing upward. His shield was of the same metal, and bore for its device a cloud, from the midst of which issued a hand grasping a sword. He had his spear in his hand, three of the fingers closed, with the index and middle pointing upward. His shield was of the same metal, and bore for its device a cloud, from the midst of which issued a hand grasping a sword. He had his spear pointing heavenward, like the cross. The gorget was plain, as were the greaves, the breaves, the armor, and other parts of the armor. And Enrique de Monava looked noble enough in his suit of steel. Erect in stand, and vigorous, and though the heavy metal clanged loudly, yet his step was easy and graceful.

"Nay by Saint Jago of Compostella," shouted the old man, striking his clenched fist upon his thigh, "a braver knight had not more noble of limb, never were spurs to Ghinedalan!"

"And a sturdier arm never swung before anyone!" echoed Gomez, with a playful wink, but not with earnest zeal.

"Thank you," returned Enrique, with a light laugh. "And for your good opinion you may bring the horses."

"Right, my master." And then speaking, Gomez hastened away.

Did Enrique wear the knightly spurs? Ay—that he did, and right gladly had he earned them. A few months previous to the present he had, single-handed, while on a hunting, defiled on the rescue of a party of six men, who were beset by a band of twenty robbers. When the news of the rescue of the villains and they had well nigh overcome the band of robbers, there appeared upon the scene. He was unprotected by any sort of armor, but he had with him his own heavy sword with such right good will, that six books had sunk beneath his truncheon blade ere he had been at it a dozen merry minutes. The ravishers had already slain each his man, and the rest of the band fled in the hurry.

The strangers were fatigued, and they rode back to the cot, where Enrique found that the chief one among his guests was no less a personage than King John of Navarre. John went away with old Fernandez, and talked with him for some time, and when he returned, his first movement was to unbuckle the sword from its loaded baldric. The usual questions were asked—the vows taken—and then the king of Navarre placed his sword upon Enrique's right shoulder, saying, as he did so—"Arise, Sir Enrique de Monava, and henceforth be thou a true and valiant knight, and, while you live, forget not the solemn vows you have this day taken."

Almost overcome by his great joy, the youth arose, and when he chose his crest and device, he thought of Gomez. He had no longer anything to be armed for, therefore he prayed him for his knighthood at once.

In a short time Gomez returned with the horses, and the old man and Enrique mounted. He bore vaulting lightly into his saddle, notwithstanding the weight of metal he bore, while the former was much longer than usual in gaining his old familiar seat.

"Go set the mark," said Fernandez, turning to Gomez.

The latter hastened into the house, and when he returned he bore a pomegranate in his hand, which he carried away to a distant tree, and suspended it by a cord from one of the smaller branches, and then he returned and mounted his beast as well as he could from such a position. He had a long lance in his hand, and with a clear judgment he calculated its motion. As he came near, the head of his lance performed a graceful sweep, and in a moment more the pomegranate was carried away, with its very stem pierced by the steel point.

"By San Jago, there's worthy the spurs good John of Navarre gave thee!" cried the old man in ecstacy, as Enrique returned to his starting-place. "And now for the ax. Another pomegranate, Gomez."

Fernandez was much excited. His eye burned, and his face was lighted up by a strange, unnatural light, but the youth did not notice it. He only saw what he thought was the result of excitement in a gentleman in which the brave old knight could not be expected to control himself.

Gomez brought another pomegranate, and placed it upon the top of a tall post near the tree where he had suspended the first. Enrique gave up his lance, and drew his heavy ax from its rest near his leg. Again he set his horse in motion—this time more swiftly than before—and as he neared the post, he raised his ponderous weapon high above his head, and with one stern, sharp cry he brought it down on two equal halves.

"Santiago!" exclaimed the old man, as the youth dismounted, "a knight in Christendom could do that better than those last done it. And, now, my son, you have proved your manhood. Your nerves are firm and thine eye steady. Beware of the use of power when it sparkles, and of the too tempting heel. Keep the body as it now is, and it is all Castile my father shall ask for found."

"I shall remember thy lessons, father."

"I know thou will. But the sword first. Come down and embrace, bring me my spurs!—my sword! By Saint Jago, I'll have a boon myself for daring a challenge then! Ay, by God's soul, I'll—thy teacher—do challenge thee!"

The youth was astonished at the old man's speech, for it was full of fire and zeal.

"How?" he returned. "Are you in earnest, father?"

But Fernandez de Monava made no reply. He even glowed wildly, and he snapped to and fro his saddle. Enrique leaped quickly to the ground, and was just in season to prevent the old man from falling.

"Ah, my good master," cried Gomez, with much concern, "the old man has been telling us the truth than has for weeks. He's going to leave us."

But Enrique could not speak. The reality of the old tutor's dying came upon him with a crushing, overpowering force. He helped Gomez bear the insensible form to the cot, where it was placed upon a low couch, and then the two watched as best they could to revive the fainting knight.

"Father! father!" cried Enrique, with violent emotion, "you do not die! Oh, live to tell me the rest of my life! Great God," the youth continued, clasping his hands towards Heaven, "let him not pass away with that great secret locked up in his breast!—Father! father!—awake, and tell me who and what I am! Oh! you promised I should some time know!"

He! He moved!" said Gomez.

"He does!" cried Enrique, joyfully. "He will live! Father! father!"

The old knight opened his eyes, but their light was dim. Slowly his right hand moved and then wound upon his breast, and a low groan escaped his pale lips.

"You are not dying, father!"

"Dying!—going!" said the old man, in a feeble voice.

"But you will tell me the secret you hold. You will not leave me thus, without one word to guide me upon all the earth!" urged Enrique, passionately.

"God have mercy! Oh! mercy!" cried Gomez.

And as these words fell in painfully whispered accents from the lips of the aged knight, he relapsed again into a state of insensibility.

CHAPTER II.

TO THE HOUSE, WITH THE PROSPECT OF AN ADVENTURE.

Gomez gazed upon the young student in silence for some time, and his emotion seemed almost equally divided between sorrow for the old man's death, and joy for the youth's agony.

"Sir Enrique," he at length said, in a soothing tone, "why take on so? Our friend is very old full of years. His appointed time is come."

"And yet I love the only protector, guardian and guide I ever had!" returned the youth, sadly. "From my earliest childhood—yes, from my very infancy—Fernandez de Monava has been to me a father. He alone—all, all alone—has led me up to manhood—supported me in his helpless time of my earliest life, ere yet the power of mind and memory were active—leading me on through precocious childhood—fortifying both soul and body in my boyhood—and bringing me up, by his own power and example, to what I now am. Old Gomez, you know not what that good old man has been for me—how he has labored, suffered, and borne with me—how, when my arm was weak, and my young blood too hot and impetuous, he drawed every hour of his time to curing me of my follies, and building me up in true manhood. God save him!"

Enrique bowed his head a few moments, and then he started to his feet.

"And there is another thing that bears me down," he resumed, in a tone of agony. "This old man holds the secret of my life—of my birth—of my parentage. He knows who I am, he knows, if he still has sense,—and if he dies without speaking, I am left only to be cast a homeless outcast upon the face of the earth!"

"Let him come to himself," said Gomez, laying his finger upon the heavy sword which the young knight had thrown upon the table. "Look to him, and he will tell a-fection. Have no more fears."

Enrique's bright eye kindled, and a proud look dwelt for a moment upon his face; but the cloud soon came back.

"And, he replied, "I may make a name, and the next minute. When people see me whence I am, they will only point to that ruined figure upon my shield, and answer:—*From the clouds!* I cannot tell them whence I came. Oh! Gomez—'tis hard!"

"Not so hard," replaced the serving man, very quietly, "as it would be if you were to prove a noble name with a craven soul. There are many, in this world, blighted Castile, of a world of, who would be glad to sell their names for your good sword and strong arm."

"By the host, I thank thee, good Gomez. That's the way! Blighted Castile, of a world of, who would be glad to sell their names for your good sword and strong arm."

"Father—can you speak to me?" the youth asked.

"Put on my spurs—lay my old sword by my side—and then cover my shield and head and feet—let them rest with me in the grave?"

Thus far the dying knight spoke in a painful whisper, but the next moment he raised himself to a sitting posture, and for a while his dark eyes flashed again.

"Lay me upon the steed and bear me to grave," he resumed, in a stronger tone, "there would-be knights may see how a knight should die."

"And am I, too, of Arragon?" asked Enrique.

"No, boy—of Castile—thy blood as pure Castilian as ever flowed."

"And my parentage?"

The old man clasped his hands, and a perceptible tremor shook his frame.

"Enrique," he said, in regretful tones, "if I could have one wish for life above another—it would be—silence, for which I would remain with you—it is that I might see the time when I could tell you all—when I could tell you—but, alas! that the time is not yet—not yet, my son."

"What? The time is now!" cried the youth, impulsively. "You have no right to rob me of the secret of my birth."

"Rob thee, Enrique?"

"Forgive me, father—oh! forgive me. I meant not that. But tell me who I am. Oh! in God's name I implore you!"

"And thus your old guardian would sink into his grave with his knightly oath broken. His spurs and his sword would no longer be fitting his remains."

This was spoken so solemnly, and with such a

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depth of sadness, that the youth spoke no more for some time.

"Oh! that accursed Moor! Why did he strike me down?" groaned the fighting man, raising his head heavily in his bosom.

That head shortly sunk upon the coarse countenance, and a low whisper issued from the pallid lips:—

"God have mercy!"

A moment more, and he added, in a gurgling tone—

"My noble benefactor, I have done my duty!"

Fernandez spoke no more. A change came over his aged form, and that change was—Death!

Enrique knelt down by the couch and wept long and bitterly. For the while he forgot the lost master, for his soul was moved to its deepest center by the sad bereavement which had fallen upon him.

"God's will be done!" whispered Gomez, laying his finger lightly upon the youth's shoulder.

Enrique started up, and stood the bereft fellow by the hand.

"If we have lost a governor, faithful friend, Gomez," he said, with the tears still upon his cheek, "and I must weep at a calling, for he was to me a father."

"Aye—well said, sir," returned Gomez, with a melancholy eye; "but yet his cot very hard to see, a good old man passing to his sure reward. He was prepared for it."

"True, good Gomez. He is at rest. God keep his soul!"

Enrique went out and walked upon the lawn awhile, and when he had become composed he went in and called Gomez to help him prepare the body. They washed and perfumed it, and then cased it in the armor the old knight had worn so many years. The scarf was placed over the shoulder, the spurs clasped on, and when he was laid at rest the castle were lighted and arranged about him. Then Gomez was despatched to Reynoso for a priest, and also directed to engage an artisan to hew a stone for the grave.

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The sun arose again upon the quiet vale, and gilded with its tender rays the white cot at the foot of the mountain. Enrique stood upon the lawn, and Gomez, a stripped an hour, was with his hoe.

Together they walked away to a deep nook by the grape whence the knight always looked upon the mountain, and when they stopped it was by a new-made grave. A few feet of earth had been covered it, and upon the pure white stone was this inscription:—

"FERNANDEZ;
A KNIGHT OF ARAGON.
His best home was made in the field—his life and care know no pain or death."

Enrique had been almost about making this addition as an epitaph, but his love and veneration conquered his scruples, and he gave his testimony upon the white stone.

The young knight knelt and prayed, and Gomez knelt by his side. Then they arose, and Enrique turned to a black steed that stood with bended neck by the grave.

"Come, good friend," the youth said, as he placed his hand upon the horse's mane, and the animal raised his nose to meet the master's gaze—"there's no use waiting longer. If he kind to the horse—come."

The noble animal, as if understanding every word that had been spoken, turned slowly and softly from the sacred spot, and, with his head bowed, followed Enrique down the path that had led upon three days and three nights by that grave. He seemed to know that his kind master was dead, and that he mourned, his movements could testify. But he soon recovered himself to the caresses of Enrique, though it was a long time ere he would suffer Gomez to handle him.

"Gomez," said the youthful knight, as they sat together in the cot one evening, "you had known Sir Fernandez a long while?"

"I know him in Aragon ere he come to Castile," returned the man. "I know him well, he was in my prime, and I a boy."

"And he met a stranger on purpose for you?"

"Aye, my master—on purpose for me to serve you."

"Did he say so at the time?"

"Yes. He made me take an oath that I would be true to you as He itself—and I will, so long as I have strength, and you will let me remain by you."

"And I, in turn, good Gomez, will be true to you. Our fortunes are cast together."

And we'll work them out bravely if we work them all alike."

"So we will, Gomez. But now tell me! Did your lord love Fernandez as you speak of my friend?"

"I loved him my you were born in Castile," returned the squire, with a slight nervousness in his tone and manner.

"But of my parents—what shall be of them?"

"Never to me did he say one word of who your parents were, or in what town they belonged."

"Not a word?"

"Not one, my master."

"What did he tell you of me when he first called you to be my companion?"

"Your servant, good master, he called me he."

"Never mind. What did he say of me?"

"Only that you were to him a most sacred charge, even as though God had given you to him as a child of his own blood; and that I must regard him as your father, and ask no questions."

Enrique was perplexed and annoyed by this answer; but he soon recovered himself, and then remarked—

"You heard the old man's last words—*My noble benefactor, I have done my duty.*' What did he mean by this?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell you, Sir Enrique."

"But have you not some idea?"

"None at all."

"Do you think the old man's name was an ASSUMED?"

Gomez was very uneasy, but he managed quickly to hide it.

"Certainly that was his name," he answered. "I've always known it by that manner. You are going beyond my depth. Now let this matter rest. To me do you owe no gratitude for your apostolic upon it. It is a sealed and hidden secret, and neither you nor I have the power to open it. If you bother yourself with it, it will be only a burden. If you are asked your name, you can give it. He knows it by your name—lawfully, rightfully yours—given you by the only father you ever knew. If you are asked concerning your parentage, say that Sir Fernandez was your father."

"Stop, Gomez—I'll think of that. I may not wish to own to a parentage which is not mine when the great aim of my coming life must be to find a parentage that is mine."

"You may be right there, Sir Enrique, and I shall not dispute you. Still, you have the dead knight in full back upon in case of need."

Enrique admitted the force of this remark, and here the conversation ended.

Three weeks passed, and at the end of that time the young knight ordered to move out into the world.

"We will seek the capital," he said, after he had closed the cot.

"And you I am of Castile, and a knight."

"Thy name?"

"Sir Enrique de Moreno."

"Ha! the boy old comrades of the mountain had been friends? By all the saints of Christendom, I'll not believe thee. If thou be he, then thou'rt the child that Ferdinand and Isabella presented as a large sum of gold, which Enrique carefully packed away, for he knew that it all belonged to him now. Our hero's armor was polished with great care, and having caressed himself within it, he gave his heavy shield to his attendant, and then vaulted into the saddle.

"Farewell, old spot!" he cried, as he turned towards the noble cot, "farewell, thou scenes of my childhood and youth! Farewell, cliff mountain! and then, bright stream, farewell! He who hath loved thee so long must now turn his face from thee and seek the busy world. Farewell, and may thy fruitful influence never forsake me!"

Slowly the youthful knight turned from the place, and for a while he was moody and silent; but when the town of Reynoso had been passed, and they had entered the beautiful valley of the Ebro, his spirits grew lighter, and his tongue began to move; and, beneath the combined influence of the climate and youth, and the accompanying buoyancy, he ere long became the bright, glowsome knight that he was before his bereavement.

The train had left the river, and was now entering a piece of wood, when Enrique, who was in advance, suddenly reined up his steed.

"Hark!" he said, waving his hand for his companion to stop. "Some one is in distress yonder!"

"I heard something, good master," returned Gomez, bending his ear to listen.

"So did I. Hal there it is again."

"Aye—and, faith, 'tis the clash of arms," cried Gomez, becoming excited in a moment.

"You're right," exclaimed Enrique; "and 'tis on ahead of us. Come, Gomez, we must see what such a place is."

"It may be that villains, Bonoventa, who has found some golden traveler," returned Gomez.

"Perhaps so," replied Enrique, quickly unbuckling his lance rest, his sword-belt. "By the bad, I should like to meet that man!"

"He is a stout knight, my master."

"So—he is an knight."

"He is not a knight-errant, and he has not forgotten his cunning or his courage."

"What God grant it may be so!" ejaculated the youthful knight, as he took his shield from his saddle-bow. "Come on, Gomez, and if that same renowned robber of the Salvadas, I'll prove my steel to good purpose."

So saying, Enrique started on at a brisk trot, and ere long he came to a short, steep hill. Here the sounds of the fight were heard in the valley, through which ran a small stream, and at the opposite end of which a knight was seen raging. He stopped to study its character ere he made his charge.

There were certainly a score of combatants; and one knight was busy in distinguishing the right from the wrong. There were two combatants, as he could tell by their rich court attire, and with these, one was fighting for his existence, and who were fighting right hardly. The rest were evidently the followers, or retainers, and were by gone riders.

"Ha! and robbers. Close by the edge of the wood, upon a mile-white herb, and a female. Enrique could see that she was young, and that she was much frightened.

"By!" cried Gomez, with sudden energy, "there be Bonoventa himself. Out with your steel, my master!"

The youth's eye and detected the gigantic form of the robber at the moment, and, with a shout of terror, couched his lance, and put spurs to his noble steed.

"To the rescue!" he cried, waving his hand to Gomez; and then he dashed down the hill.

CHAPTER III.

THE KNIGHT.

Bonoventa had been once a knight of Castile, but for a great crime he had been stripped of his spurs, and driven from the land. Revenge, and revenge, partly more than his natural inclination. He gathered about him a band of outlaws, and soon turned robber. His usual haunts were in the Salvadas mountains, but he sometimes left his fastnesses to the southward whenever it suited his convenience. His especial hatred was against the nobles of Castile, and he never allowed one of them to pass through his hands without a ransom. Large rewards had been offered for his head, and many parties had been sent out after him; but then for he had always been successful in eluding all them all.

Bonoventa was of huge stature, and clad in mail from top to toe. Upon his head he wore a helm of the most approved fashion, and upon his shield. He was the steel-clad knight as he came over the hill, and leaving his followers to attend to the party he had attacked, he rode down to meet the new-comer.

Enrique's heart bounded hopefully and stoutly as he saw this movement, and with a word of encouragement to his steed he laid himself low.

"Bonoventa's life, or death for me!" he shouted, as he came near the chieftain.

"Death! thou mad fool," returned the robber, as with a sweep of his sword, he cast Enrique's lance aside, and then saw the young knight's face.

In an instant Enrique cast down his lance, and drew his sword. He saw his mistake; and as he did this he turned his horse and galloped back.

"Now, then, fool-poet, the world shall be rid of thee!" he cried, as he met the redoubtable chief.

"Hold by thy hand, thought," exclaimed Gomez, who had already followed the example set by Enrique, and exchanged his sword for his axe, "on the next instant his own axe was in the air. It came down on the head of the knight, but he only caught it obliquely upon his shield, and it passed harmlessly by. Gomez had been powerful upon his opportunity, and while the sharp steel was yet gliding from his buckler, his own axe was raised. But here again he was foiled. Bonoventa's quick, practised eye detected the movement, and a plunge of the left gauntlet into his brawn's back carried him for the time out of harm's way.

And now the battle-wizard waxed. Each had found a combatant worthy of his steel. How following blow is quick succession, and their shields soon bore many a token of the deadly blows which had been dealt. At length, as if by mutual consent, though neither had as yet spoken since the conflict commenced, they both drew back to take breath.

"Is God's name, who art thou?" cried Bonoventa, breathing heavily.

"A knight of Castile," was Enrique's reply.

"How by San Jago, thou liest!" quickly replied the robber chief. "There is no knight in Castile can wield her thee."

"And yet

TO ADELLO.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE

Thou art the very n'ectar thing
Thrice to an earth* to me!
For thy dear sake I'd bravely dare
Dangers of earth or sea.

Gazing like, love, or for thy sake,
With patient magic I'd go
Through witchcraft, hell and ghost
Through weariness and woe.

If there resulted only two me there,
Captured I'd attain
Till death, within the humblest sea
Where fate could let us fain.

*The world.

"The world" is nothing to my thought
If only there art mine;
Thou art my world—thy pleasure mine,
Thy smile my sunshine dear.

I'd talk to mountain elm and sea,
No pleasure would alter;
Within my soul where thou art near
No rueful thought are.

Then wrestled not my thought of life,
Oh! most beloved dear!
A smiling thing, collected and tame,
In life when thou art gone.

My Alpha and Omega true,
What fatal delight were mine,
Were it my life to honor
To any waste of thine.

But I must leave the hardest task
Of all to me, dear love,
And take that of spreading love,
And go my way alone.

Oh! hard and heavy doom of grief,
Oh! fate of bitter pain,
I don't regret loving, dear love,
This doom only the cost.

So dark, so cold, so desolate
Is life when thou art gone,
Sorrow's sting in the bosom—true, I feel—
Oh! Angel, sorrow not.

THE VICTIMS OF THE MOB.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY CORA DELL.

The following story was related to me by the chief actor in it, who, after having lived and become a white-haired, decrepit old man, was cheerfulled with deep emotion as he told the tale as follows:

"The mischiefs and excesses, the cruel sufferings and the bloodshed were around me on the fifth day of November, Third year of Liberty, as I stood in the little back-room of my grocery, expressing meditations and drawing the limbs of some children. I was a very young physician, and had made a custom of devoting my morning hours to such gratuitous work, with the view of obtaining practice and experience.

"But for a delicate case I was interested in, most gladly would I have spared myself the unusual custom on this especial day. I was going to be married to one with which self-indulgence and for the state of feverish excitement in which I had spent the morning, and still more so, when I consider that this was the third time my beloved Rhea and I had stood by the altar, and, by some strange fatality, our nuptials had been prevented. Once by the sudden death of her mother; the second time, the house we were in was on fire by some accident; and with difficulty we escaped from the flames; and now, amidst the wild of the reign of terror, proud of my democratic principles, revolution or no revolution, I determined to be married.

"Despite of the laughing footsteps of my future brother-in-law, Philippe Dauloay—a gay young fellow, who not accepting his long, tiger over my little table—I completed my morning's business with not more than half a dozen mistakes, and was in the act of having my cool bulged on me by my assistant, Lanay, a lusk, overgrown boy, when the door opened, and a personal, in a blouse, came at her bid, and the heavy shoes of the privateer, panted in.

"Shut the door, oupsh,' shouted Lanay, indignantly; 'the doctor was no needs below.'

"'Come to-morrow, my man,' said Philippe; 'Calico is going to be married.'

"I had turned my back, and was arranging my hair in a mirror, when I saw the peasant, without heeding the words he received, advancing with the arms imploringly.

"The simplicity of the action attracted my attention, and I turned and said—

"'What is the matter with you?

"'You forget that you are going to be married,' laughed Philippe, as the peasant began to speak, from which he had risen to expel the intruder.

"'Oh! come only for a few moments, I implore you. My mother is dying.' The modulated tones and musical swell of his voice betrayed him, and despite of his disguise, I knew at once whom I stood before me.

"But during the last half hour my heart had grown so hard that I would have hardly attended a dying angel.

"'I cannot go,' said I, impatiently.

"The youth, for he was hardly twenty, turned away despairingly.

"'Stay,' said I.

"'Let us go, Philippe.

"I took a cord, and hastily wrote a line on the back of it, and presented it to the peasant, bidding him to visit the patient for me. I handed it to the peasant, and squeezing his hand significantly, I muttered—

"'Speak in the patois of the province.'

"He looked at me, and then, then looked at the cord.

"'What is this?' said he.

"'If my friend cannot attend when you bring him this, he will direct you to his direction were you can find a doctor, and ask for me.'

"She will be dead then,' said the youth, gloomily.

"'How is she afflicted?'

"Convulsions, followed by long sorrow.'

"I gave him a flexible which would rouse her out of the latter, and, visibly indignant at the delay delayed, shoved him out.

"'Come, Lanay,' said Philippe, taking my arm; 'I can't endure this stifling daghole of yours a moment longer. By Jove! from this hour I look upon you as a victim to science, and Rhea shall visit in your zeal, you do not poison half a score a day.'

"I felt heavy and despondling. Philippe evidently noticed it, and rattled on to cause me. He was one of those amiable beings who attract us at first sight, and by a secret sympathy link our hearts in a friendship, that in others would take years to cement. I would have chosen him for my friend out of a hundred, even if my love for his beautiful sister Rhea had not already united us in the closest bonds of brotherhood. Philippe was clever, too, and would have obtained celebrity in the Constitutional Assembly, not only as a brilliant orator but a turbulent demagogue, for he was so enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, that, on the first outburst of the national mind, he flung up a brilliant post as secretary of the Abbe Villegrave; but the subsequent horrors that ensued had so shocked and disgusted him, as to make him less zealous for the success of the cause.

"Yes, I was nervous and unhappy, and would be so until I was married, four-and-twenty hours after which I was determined should see my fate for from the great capital. I had accumulated some little money by my profession, and had taken a small furnished house in my native place, Bourgoin, a little village on the banks of the Rhone, where I intended to practise. Rhea's father, too, had behaved generously to us. Old Dauloay was a notary, who had made a considerable fortune in the brilliant day before the revolution. As he was his citizen by birth, he would have been a democrat; and had he not the misfortune to know, from the slim gout, and, consequently, from many notions or magazine she old man was vain of, and in no evil hour he prefixed the aristocratic de to his name. This was remembered long after he renounced it.

"I was married. The ceremony was performed privately in his widow's house about a mile from Paris, by a poor fugitive cure, and I clasped my beloved wife to my arms.

"We did not return home until near evening. I was about to follow my wife into the house, when the peasant I had given the card to in the morning started from beneath the doorway. My friend, he said, could not attend, and he implored me to come only for a few minutes, to tell whether his mother could recover. I had to quit Rhea for a season. He did not disguise his color, as I had recommended, but spoke openly, I thought defiantly, as if he flung himself on my honor, and dared me to betray him.

"'I can do no good if the woman is dying,' said I, impatiently. My wife gilded up beside me. She had heard the message, and she now placed her hand timidly on my arm, and said—

"'Go, my love, I will be with you before one suffering hour. God will bless you.'

"I pressed her lips, did not speak, but I saw his dark eyes were suffused with tears, as he looked at her. He raised his coarse hat, and bowed with the ineffable grace of a courtier.

"I followed my conductor through the squalid and gloomy quarter of St. Antoine. We went down a dirty lane, and stopped before a miserable, shattered looking house. The young man took out a candle a flight of greasy stairs, and pushing open a door on the right, we entered a dismal little room. By the light of a feeble lamp, I saw a woman of middle age extended upon a mattress on the ground. Her limbs hung heavily and lifeless, though her blue lips were covered with foam. She was in the last stage of epilepsy, and apparently dying. A young girl hung over her, and visibly endeavored to force some liquid down her throat. In a corner of the room, seated on a table at work, with a candle before her, I recognized an old lady, I sometimes employed to mend my clothes. I saw at a glance that there could be no hope from the medication, and that it was he who had sent me the fatal message.

"From the peculiar expression of the patient's face, I saw that she was already dying. I took the young man aside, and told him that my presence here would terminate her sufferings. He appeared deeply affected. I gave a few directions, which alone should she survive longer, and leaving another prescription upon the mantelpiece, I announced a few drops of the cordial, I left, promising to call again before I left the city.

"I returned my steps home. Words cannot paint the state of mind in which I left the dwelling. A lighted lamp lay on the ground, and by its rays I beheld the desolation around me. The wardrobe was broken; our trunks, which were packed ready to start, had been forced open, and their contents scattered about. Relics of dress and of toilet struggle were visible near the door. I picked up a piece of paper on the floor, and found it was a decree from the National Convention for the burden of the aristocrat Dauloay and his family. Beside it was the copy of a letter from Salle, a deputy, which, I had not noticed before, in the confusion struck him, and the wretch had sworn revenge.

"With a breaking heart, I endeavored to summon up energies to my assistance. I was acquainted with several powerful members of the Convention. To them I wrote, and dispatched the letters by a trusty servant, who, after long and going down stairs, I found cowering in a dark corner of the passage, nearly heart of the terror. The poor fellow begged of me to go home to my wife, which, I had not before, in the confusion, and he said Salle would come back to look for me. He would have dashed out in the mob to find out where they brought my unhappy friends, but that my wife fallen down in a faint, and had not recovered until he heard my footsteps.

"I received no answer to my letters, and knowing the deadly enmity I had to contend with in Salle, I disguised myself in as effectual a manner as I could, and the following day commenced one of almost fruitless search to discover in what prison the unfortunate family were confined. Following a hatchet and a lantern guide in the midst of the obscure accompaniment for a walk in the midst of the dead, I succeeded in find out. As I approached the place of my destination, I thought the narrow streets in the vicinity appeared more than usually crowded, and I came in view of the Conciergerie, the prison I perceived an immense mass of people collected round the prison. My frame quivered, and a thrill of agony shot through my brain, when I remembered that there, in that very prison, my relations and friends

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A BETTER WAY.

No one can go beyond ourselves in a desire to celebrate with splendor and eclat the Nation's Anniversary of Independence, and the consummation of our great undertaking the task of laying the Atlantic Telegraph. Such celebrations in their infant are beautiful and necessary. Time, however, often sours ways of doing a thing, and we should try to find out and adopt the best. Now, the beating of drums, the blaring of trumpets, the burning of gunpowder, and the discharge of fireworks may be very inspiring, and for the moment please us in their noise and smell, but are they economical, not in any mere sordid sense, but in the sense of what they halt—a few hours. We cannot help thinking that some other mode of doing honor to the patriotism, genius, and enterprise might be found which would afford a sufficiently enjoyable public spectacle, would embrace more internal magnificence, and command a permanence in itself thoughtful, wise, and sublime. One mode has long been in our thoughts—the artistic mode. The corporation of the City of New-York devotes several thousand dollars yearly to the celebration of the anniversary Fourth of July. Now, what if the money be added?—mainly in drum-beating, gunpowder-explosions, and hawker-patronage? Suppose a portion of the sunday monies after the expiration of twenty-four hours—enough for the display of rockets, gunners, or the blinded eyes of some unfortunate pyrotechnic. Suppose the money, year after year, should be expended in beautiful and sublime statuary—in the everlasting marble sanctified by the hands of genius. American genius perpetuating the American patriotism, talent and energy! Let us be still more explicit. Should the money be spent every of the patriotic year let the Common Council vote three thousand of dollars and order the creation of the statue of some illustrious soldier or statesman of the Revolution; let this statue be inaugurated on the Fourth in the Park, or some other public ground, with appropriate but splendid ceremonies, which need not cost more than a thousand dollars at last. Thus within the lifetime of many of our children should be assembled all of the most distinguished officers of the Revolution, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the Presidents would be cherished in marble, and our parks would be ornamented, age, glorified with sanctuary more practical and more morally sublime in its meaning than the world has yet seen.

LOOKING BACK TOO MUCH.

We cannot conceive of a greater bath in literature than a periodical diet of books that through the vista of the Past, rather than manfully grappling with the Present. Man's eyes are set in the back of his head: a very slight glance will show that they are in the front. Past is only useful as a pedestal, a vantage-ground on which to rear a structure in which the Present will be displayed, either by its pen, for pencil, or by speech, or the deeds. Who are the men of genius now affecting the world? Gladstone, with his great speech; Spurgeon or Hosmer; or the novelist, throwing off work after work a measure of present life? Not all, stepping to infinity of the old fabulous god Baldur; or the poet of the present day, who, peering deep through the mental fossils about things that touch us and affect us in our every-day life?

He who depends on the Past is a cripple leaning on the broken staff of Death—he who sets into the Future can, at best, be no more than a pedestal, a vantage-ground on which to rear a structure in which the Present will be displayed, either by its pen, for pencil, or by speech, or the deeds. Who are the men of genius now affecting the world? Gladstone, with his great speech; Spurgeon or Hosmer; or the novelist, throwing off work after work a measure of present life? Not all, stepping to infinity of the old fabulous god Baldur; or the poet of the present day, who, peering deep through the mental fossils about things that touch us and affect us in our every-day life?

He who depends on the Past is a cripple leaning on the broken staff of Death—he who sets into the Future can, at best, be no more than a dreamer—he who manipulates the Present with brave soul, can prove and has won for centuries; too muscular and too earnest for dreams. The Lessons may, to a considerable extent, reverse the Past, and respect the Future, but its motto has been and is, "*The World Around Us!*"

DEVOURED BY SHARKS.

There are sharks in the waters round about New-York, and they are a lively, insatiable, human flesh. Your shark is your true cannibal of the deep. He "Dead Rabbit" of decorous society. His nature is merciless and his appetite unappeasable. Like Oliver Twist, he is always crying for more.

If a human form comes within the range of his saw-bristled and many-fanged double mouth, he rules "more" without conscience. He is the true enemy of person. Nothing that has blood in it comes amiss to him. A tender, innocent boy, or a tough old stiner—a lean dandy, or a fat alderman—a delicate woman, or a burly constable, is fearlessly accepted by this voracious gourmand. Three young men—two American and a Spaniard—were recently devoured by sharks, as it is believed, while bathing near Fort Hamilton. They disappeared suddenly, though good swimmers, and their bodies could not be found, and the water was slightly tinged with crimson where they went down.

MORE PLUCK AND MUSCLE NEEDED.

How is it that swollen cash with impunity attack a pin-out party, in which the gentlemen outnumber the fewer two to one, and insult the ladies and maltreat the children without receiving merited chastisement or even encountering the slightest opposition? Constant complaints are made that parties of pleasure are insulted and broken up by rowdies, although the latter may not number over half a dozen, while in the former there will be from fifteen to twenty men. In such cases, why are not the ruffianly intruders kicked out neck and heels? Could such outrages be perpetrated in any other country in Christendom? Verily not. Should a gang of ruffians thus attack a pleasure party in England, in which there were an equal or even a less number of gentlemen, gentlemen, as ladies, the aggressors would be pretty certain to get the worst of it. As a general thing, a British gentleman is not cumbrous, however high-bred and fastidious, can defend himself against physical attack. He can handle his fists, or a club, as well as anybody, and he would sooner die on the spot than permit ladies under his charge, or children or relatives of his, to be wantonly insulted and brutally beaten before his eyes without making an effort to protect them. But in this country it is considered degrading for a man to defend his wife, daughter, sister, or daughter or sister against physical violence. It is not "respectable" for a man to practise boxing, or do anything that will add to his personal security against ruffianly attacks. Consequently, in this country ground-apes are constantly developed. Their grosser and their coarser are the ruffians and roughs who figure as criminals or the victims of any bully who chooses to attack them. There should be a radical change in this respect. Every boy should be so trained physically as to make them hardy, robust and courageous, instead of expanding their brain and cramping their chest, as is now the custom, we should have physical and moral development, and the consequence that the arm may be able to protect the head. For our part, we would sooner have a son of ours nose on a blue, than see him muckingly run, blubbering and shivering, with some petty, youth-ful tyrant at his heels, to the protection of a police, which he would not dare to defend against aggression.

OPPOSITION TO THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A numerous, influential and active class, both in this country and in Europe, have come out in opposition to the Atlantic Telegraph, and assert that it will seriously incommode them in the prosecution of their business. Speculators in stocks and securities, wherever they wish to travel from one country to another, will find the delay which the Atlantic Telegraph will in many respects not only be the ruin of their gentlemen's business, but the ruin of their health. Men who have capital and active class who will be thus injured by the consummation of the great work are the class called "international criminals," of every kind and degree. The Atlantic Telegraph will enable a man to pick this big-boon out of our own eyes. As to the English aristocracy, the Atlantic Telegraph is the ruin of manhood; tall, broad-chested, straight-limbed, healthy, muscular men, are the result of not all dependent for their subsistence either upon their patrimony, or their wits. To be born and a jolly laugh does not a regular heart-warming make.

Of course we see the magnificent cathedral in process of erection in Westminster Abbey, to the fellow traveler, nor Sir Stanislo, who forever has some unhappy wretch by the button, asking about "the way to get to Rome," or the meaning of "gallo bock"—how I hate a gallo bock! I did not like the Westminster Abbey, for I cannot manifest there were in this immense building; I knew that there was one pair of feet in it that stood square, and that had to support the body to which they belonged with ease, for such was not a way, a heroic feat should, I suppose, from a Monistic point of view, though the lethal empty pews were filled with the fashion and beauty of the realm, and if the ape of my old teacher should fall in this, I was by no means infallible, but nevertheless I often never could tell how the girl was ever going to learn French," and notwithstanding I first girl has ever rubbed up well French since she left school, yet she was able to translate Racine with ease, and to read the Spectator and Addison as well as the Times, "father" into whose ears they seem to be pouring out a long list of his failings. My sins are many, but it is not then I would undertake my sins. I should not like to undertake them work themselves out. For the prison, I must say, is all cushy, and I have never seen a body yet sent out from the Metropolitan Police Office anywhere and wherever I met them—with more purity, so much gentle good-humored politeness expressed in their faces. Their fife being active and not at all down, they had no time to lay their heads on the same! Immersed in these tumultuous waters, their forehead expressed the calm and the repose of the sick and the grasse of the dying, in the hospital wards under their roofs. I saw them come into the chapel to worship. Its tiled floor, its small pulpit form, streaked by the black hood of reverend darkness, and bowing as it did to the sacred prayers. Oh, the omnipotence of such assistance for a woman! If they could but have spoken the sick and the grasse of the dying, in the hospital wards under their roofs. I saw them come into the chapel to worship. Its tiled floor, its small pulpit form, streaked by the black hood of reverend darkness, and bowing as it did to the sacred prayers. Oh, the omnipotence of such assistance for a woman! If they could but have spoken the walls, upon entering their human feelings, and really to the full manner that they felt, they help them, they do not; they are but women still, and none of them young, and one look into their faces would be a lesson of the most touching and the pentence of the convicts we visited, or the spectators and bowing to those for whom they are paid. But this was when we saw them had been arrayed into his chair like an infant for twenty-five years, and there he sat, with a rosary between his helpless fingers, scarcely living, and yet, perhaps, with many a pair of patient waiting for release before him. The outer door of the convent was opened for us by a young novice, whose pale face, framed in pure white muslin bands, was beautiful to see. Poor child, sighed I, and in another moment I thought of the gay, bedizened misery in Broadway, and I said to myself, as I lingered to take another look at her, perhaps the better so, and left her with a lighter heart.

I should not do justice to Montreal were I to omit to mention the drive of the place, "round the mountain." A New York gentleman whom we met in Montreal took us round, and I was glad I saw the city at parting to such good advantage; distance heightened it up wonderfully, and the St. Lawrence sparkled as gaily and as innocently in the sunlight, as if he talents did not play the silliest with every traveler who tasted them. There was a fine view of the city and of the mountain. We saw, too, a "haunted house" in thicrde, and several gay cottages with a great deal of taste, and many of us himself most comfortable quarters, commanding as lovely a view as you or I, or any other gentleman ever wish to see. I proposed leaving my card for him, with a view to better acquaintance, but the rest of the party were in flesh-and-blood humor, and evidently preferred returning to the unselfish aromatic comforts in the hall of our host of the Donegana House. We left next morning for Quebec, of which more anon. My lingers are for a keen blanket on that misty morning over the ferry! Insisted we had two priests, but could not be sure about the latter, which, when I wanted most fervently to borrow, for I was absolutely perished to the bone. Cold and Montreal and Quebec cold, let me tell you, are two quite different things. When you get such a cough fastened on your lungs there as I did, you may believe it.

FANNY FERN.

INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH ON HEALTH.

That illness of Surgeon-General Barnes has given a diverse worship, which are diffused through every Sabbath-keeping community, carry with them a reaction to civilization. That change of apparel, and that regard for neatness of person, which is so universally observed on Sunday, are the best of the week.

The rest the Sabbath brings for the body, is another most important item. The physical necessary gave rise to the determination to make one day in seven of the week, and would soon be universally practised and raised, were it not that the Sabbath comes to us. The Sabbath-day's bathing rest restores the system and saves the health.

3. The same is true of the mind. It needs a Sabbath's repose as much as the body, and without it would sink and carry the body with it to ruin. The exhausted intellect enjoys quietude on the Sabbath-day. Sacred Subject will call on its vigor and alacrity is renewed till after its weekly rest.

4. Mental gloom and depression, the most common occasioned, act powerfully against the health; but the cheerful, the hopeful, and the influences of an honored Sabbath tend to sweep away the clouds and darkness of the mind, and restore its elasticity to the spirit which is so favorable to health.

5. All the various vices of society make destructive war upon the health; but the honored Sabbath is the friend of virtue, and the enemy of vice, and, to the extent that it represses them, it saves men from the exhaustion and disease of sinful indulgence.

6. The effect of Sabbath influences is to give purity to the heart and peace to the conscience, and therefore to confer that quietness and tranquility of the spirit, and that calm confidence in God, which saves it from those anxieties and excitements which are so prejudicial to health.

7. Some one has said the overlooked energies of men in the irrational and intense desire after wealth, and the consequent disease and death, is the great breaking down of the body and mind, resulting in premature decay, and disease and death; but the hallowed influences of the Sabbath tend to repress just views of the true object of mental improvement, to calm and moderate desire, and thus save the system from those overwrinkings so prejudicial to it.

8. The laws of health, and man's obligation to obey them, are more clearly seen and more deeply felt where Sabbath influences enlarge the mind's vision of all the great objects of human and moral life.

In respect, therefore, to that single object, the preservation of health, we may regard the holy Sabbath as operating with great efficiency and as producing the most important results.

SOMETHING NEW AND FUNNY.

An English entomologist has lately used the "peculiar vestication" of Hiawatha for a treatise on the "Cockroach," which he gives us "a whole manual of entomology." The work is a scientific one in every respect very accurate and valuable, while the facility with which rhythm is dragooned into the service of science may astonish any one. Our young readers, especially, will be pleased with the following microscopic description of the familiar cockroach:

Next in order into the endoscales,
Into the hard and crustaceous,
Into the wings and wing-covering,
In the broad pair, in the coast pair,
Many kind of insects we observe,
Every kind of food defiling,
Like this race of cockroaches,
Gluttons, eating all things,
Eating even the shoes and clothing;
Having daylight, being sensible,
Every sense is quick and perfect,
They scent out and they hearken,
They see well and they perceive,
Hard feet down beneath the thorax,
Four wings large and rough and leathery,
Folding over one another,
Folding over two and two wings
These are folded up beneath them,
And all lying on the body,
Their legs all alike and slender,
Formed for running very rapidly;
And their feet are all five jointed,
Each one terminated with a pulvillus.

PIC-NICS AND DOWDYISM.

The most outrageous orders are almost daily committed in the vicinity of New-York, on pic-nic parties, by rowdies who obtrude themselves upon the excursionists. The most effective mode of putting a stop to these insults, by these villains and the air is oppressed with their profanity. They are the most expected pleasures of the season, and before the party returns to the city they get into a row, and break lights and smash, without provocation, the peaceful and defenceless gentlemen and ladies who have congregated together for kind, a gentleman who was enfeebled by ill health was set upon by a number of these ruffians and, in the presence of his wife and children, beaten and mutilated in such a degree that his several friends could not recognize him. Even women and children do not escape the violence of these villains, but are often attacked by them and subjected to the most shameful brutalities. It has, in fact, become a too dangerous piece of business for a company of well-disposed people to seek relaxation from exhausting cares and labors in an excursion or pic-nic near the city, unless scrupulous care be exercised in evading the espionage and attendance of the villains who are constantly lying in wait for the opportunities which such pleasure parties afford for the perpetration of their ruffianly crimes.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER VII.

In all honesty, I cannot say that I like Montreal. It may be a very admirably built town—I believe that is what they say of it—but I am not sufficiently well versed in the matter to say anything ornamental in the way of flower gardens, or fashion that attach a pleasure party to England, in which there were an equal or even a less number of gentlemen, gentlemen, as ladies, the aggressors would be pretty certain to get the worst of it. As a general thing, a British gentleman is not cumbrous, however high-bred and fastidious, can defend himself against physical attack. He can handle his fists, or a club, as well as anybody, and he would sooner die on the spot than permit ladies under his charge, or children or relatives of his, to be wantonly assailed and brutally beaten before his eyes without making an effort to protect them. But in this country it is considered degrading for a man to defend his wife, daughter, sister, or daughter or sister against physical violence. It is not "respectable" for a man to practise boxing, or do anything that will add to his personal security against ruffianly attacks. Consequently, in this country ground-apes are constantly developed. Their grosser and their coarser are the ruffians and roughs who figure as criminals or the victims of any bully who chooses to attack them. There should be a radical change in this respect. Every boy should be so trained physically as to make them hardy, robust and courageous, instead of expanding their brain and cramping their chest, as is now the custom, we should have physical and moral development, and the consequence that the arm may be able to protect the head. For our part, we would sooner have a son of ours nose on a blue, than see him muckingly run, blubbering and shivering, with some petty, youth-ful tyrant at his heels, to the protection of a police, which he would not dare to defend against aggression.

OPPOSITION TO THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A numerous, influential and active class, both in this country and in Europe, have come out in opposition to the Atlantic Telegraph, and assert that it will seriously incommode them in the prosecution of their business. Speculators in stocks and securities, wherever they wish to travel from one country to another, will find the delay which the Atlantic Telegraph will in many respects not only be the ruin of their gentlemen's business, but the ruin of their health. Men who have capital and active class who will be thus injured by the consummation of the great work are the class called "international criminals," of every kind and degree. The Atlantic Telegraph will enable a man to pick this big-boon out of our own eyes. As to the English aristocracy, the Atlantic Telegraph is the ruin of manhood; tall, broad-chested, straight-limbed, healthy, muscular men, are the result of not all dependent for their subsistence either upon their patrimony, or their wits. To be born and a jolly laugh does not a regular heart-warming make.

Of course we see the magnificent cathedral in process of erection in Westminster Abbey, to the fellow traveler, nor Sir Stanislo, who forever has some unhappy wretch by the button, asking about "the way to get to Rome," or the meaning of "gallo bock"—how I hate a gallo bock! I did not like the Westminster Abbey, for I cannot manifest there were in this immense building; I knew that there was one pair of feet in it that stood square, and that had to support the body to which they belonged with ease, for such was not a way, a heroic feat should, I suppose, from a Monistic point of view, though the lethal empty pews were filled with the fashion and beauty of the realm, and if the ape of my old teacher should fall in this, I was by no means infallible, but nevertheless I often never could tell how the girl was ever going to learn French," and notwithstanding I first girl has ever rubbed up well French since she left school, yet she was able to translate Racine with ease, and to read the Spectator and Addison as well as the Times, "father" into whose ears they seem to be pouring out a long list of his failings. My sins are many, but it is not then I would undertake my sins. I should not like to undertake them work themselves out. For the prison, I must say, is all cushy, and I have never seen a body yet sent out from the Metropolitan Police Office anywhere and wherever I met them—with more purity, so much gentle good-humored politeness expressed in their faces. Their life being active and not at all down, they had no time to lay their heads on the same! Immersed in these tumultuous waters, their forehead expressed the calm and the repose of the sick and the grasse of the dying, in the hospital wards under their roofs. I saw them come into the chapel to worship. Its tiled floor, its small pulpit form, streaked by the black hood of reverend darkness, and bowing as it did to the sacred prayers. Oh, the omnipotence of such assistance for a woman! If they could but have spoken the walls, upon entering their human feelings, and really to the full manner that they felt, they help them, they do not; they are but women still, and none of them young, and one look into their faces would be a lesson of the most touching and the pentence of the convicts we visited, or the spectators and bowing to those for whom they are paid. But this was when we saw them had been arrayed into his chair like an infant for twenty-five years, and there he sat, with a rosary between his helpless fingers, scarcely living, and yet, perhaps, with many a pair of patient waiting for release before him. The outer door of the convent was opened for us by a young novice, whose pale face, framed in pure white muslin bands, was beautiful to see. Poor child, sighed I, and in another moment I thought of the gay, bedizened misery in Broadway, and I said to myself, as I lingered to take another look at her, perhaps the better so, and left her with a lighter heart.

I should not do justice to Montreal were I to omit to mention the drive of the place, "round the mountain." A New York gentleman whom we met in Montreal took us round, and I was glad I saw the city at parting to such good advantage; distance heightened it up wonderfully, and the St. Lawrence sparkled as gaily and as innocently in the sunlight, as if he talents did not play the silliest with every traveler who tasted them. There was a fine view of the city and of the mountain. We saw, too, a "haunted house" in thicrde, and several gay cottages with a great deal of taste, and many of us himself most comfortable quarters, commanding as lovely a view as you or I, or any other gentleman ever wish to see. I proposed leaving my card for him, with a view to better acquaintance, but the rest of the party were in flesh-and-blood humor, and evidently preferred returning to the unselfish aromatic comforts in the hall of our host of the Donegana House. We left next morning for Quebec, of which more anon. My lingers are for a keen blanket on that misty morning over the ferry! Insisted we had two priests, but could not be sure about the latter, which, when I wanted most fervently to borrow, for I was absolutely perished to the bone. Cold and Montreal and Quebec cold, let me tell you, are two quite different things. When you get such a cough fastened on your lungs there as I did, you may believe it.

FANNY FERN.

WIT AND WISDOM.

CRITICISM AND SLANDER.—PARTIZAN EFFICIENCY FOR THE LEDGER OF 1865. ETC. ETC.

CRITICISM is like champagne—nothing more excellent if bad, nothing more execrable if good. If unripe, sensibly, vapid, and sour, when on the only is sagacious and wise; but if rich, generous, and sparkling, they sympathize with every traveler who tasted them. There was a fine view of the city and of the mountain. We saw, too, a "haunted house" in thicrde, and several gay cottages with a great deal of taste, and many of us himself most comfortable quarters, commanding as lovely a view as you or I, or any other gentleman ever wish to see. I proposed leaving my card for him, with a view to better acquaintance, but the rest of the party were in flesh-and-blood humor, and evidently preferred returning to the unselfish aromatic comforts in the hall of our host of the Donegana House. We left next morning for Quebec, of which more anon. My lingers are for a keen blanket on that misty morning over the ferry! Insisted we had two priests, but could not be sure about the latter, which, when I wanted most fervently to borrow, for I was absolutely perished to the bone. Cold and Montreal and Quebec cold, let me tell you, are two quite different things. When you get such a cough fastened on your lungs there as I did, you may believe it.

FANNY FERN.

INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH ON HEALTH.

That illness of Surgeon-General Barnes has given a diverse worship, which are diffused through every Sabbath-keeping community, carry with them a reaction to civilization. That change of apparel, and that regard for neatness of person, which is so universally observed on Sunday, are the best of the week.

The rest the Sabbath brings for the body, is another most important item. The physical necessary gave rise to the determination to make one day in seven of the week, and would soon be universally practised and raised, were it not that the Sabbath comes to us. The Sabbath-day's bathing rest restores the system and saves the health.

3. The same is true of the mind. It needs a Sabbath's repose as much as the body, and without it would sink and carry the body with it to ruin. The exhausted intellect enjoys quietude on the Sabbath-day. Sacred Subject will call on its vigor and alacrity is renewed till after its weekly rest.

4. Mental gloom and depression, the most common occasioned, act powerfully against the health; but the cheerful, the hopeful, and the influences of an honored Sabbath tend to sweep away the clouds and darkness of the mind, and restore its elasticity to the spirit which is so favorable to health.

5. All the various vices of society make destructive war upon the health; but the honored Sabbath is the friend of virtue, and the enemy of vice, and, to the extent that it represses them, it saves men from the exhaustion and disease of sinful indulgence.

6. The effect of Sabbath influences is to give purity to the heart and peace to the conscience, and therefore to confer that quietness and tranquility of the spirit, and that calm confidence in God, which saves it from those anxieties and excitements which are so prejudicial to health.

7. Some one has said the overlooked energies of men in the irrational and intense desire after wealth, and the consequent disease and death, is the great breaking down of the body and mind, resulting in premature decay, and disease and death; but the hallowed influences of the Sabbath tend to repress just views of the true object of mental improvement, to calm and moderate desire, and thus save the system from those overwrinkings so prejudicial to it.

8. The laws of health, and man's obligation to obey them, are more clearly seen and more deeply felt where Sabbath influences enlarge the mind's vision of all the great objects of human and moral life.

In respect, therefore, to that single object, the preservation of health, we may regard the holy Sabbath as operating with great efficiency and as producing the most important results.

SOMETHING NEW AND FUNNY.

An English entomologist has lately used the "peculiar vestication" of Hiawatha for a treatise on the "Cockroach," which he gives us "a whole manual of entomology." The work is a scientific one in every respect very accurate and valuable, while the facility with which rhythm is dragooned into the service of science may astonish any one. Our young readers, especially, will be pleased with the following microscopic description of the familiar cockroach:

Next in order into the endoscales,
Into the hard and crustaceous,
Into the wings and wing-covering,
In the broad pair, in the coast pair,
Many kind of insects we observe,
Every kind of food defiling,
Like this race of cockroaches,
Gluttons, eating all things,
Eating even the shoes and clothing;
Having daylight, being sensible,
Every sense is quick and perfect,
They scent out and they hearken,
They see well and they perceive,
Hard feet down beneath the thorax,
Four wings large and rough and leathery,
Folding over one another,
Folding over two and two wings
These are folded up beneath them,
And all lying on the body,
Their legs all alike and slender,
Formed for running very rapidly;
And their feet are all five jointed,
Each one terminated with a pulvillus.

PIC-NICS AND DOWDYISM.

The most outrageous orders are almost daily committed in the vicinity of New-York, on pic-nic parties, by rowdies who obtrude themselves upon the excursionists. The most effective mode of putting a stop to these insults, by these villains and the air is oppressed with their profanity. They are the most expected pleasures of the season, and before the party returns to the city they get into a row, and break lights and smash, without provocation, the peaceful and defenceless gentlemen and ladies who have congregated together for kind, a gentleman who was enfeebled by ill health was set upon by a number of these ruffians and, in the presence of his wife and children, beaten and mutilated in such a degree that his several friends could not recognize him. Even women and children do not escape the violence of these villains, but are often attacked by them and subjected to the most shameful brutalities. It has, in fact, become a too dangerous piece of business for a company of well-disposed people to seek relaxation from exhausting cares and labors in an excursion or pic-nic near the city, unless scrupulous care be exercised in evading the espionage and attendance of the villains who are constantly lying in wait for the opportunities which such pleasure parties afford for the perpetration of their ruffianly crimes.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Two little girls, aged respectively eleven and thirteen years, were recently drowned at Hartford, Conn., they were usually dressed while bathing with a neighbor's child, and on the day of the fatal accident they had left their clothes on the bank, and were followed to have her little sister in petish. When the found her effects on the bank, she at once gave the alarm, and search was made for the bodies—We're lost! Do and tell mother." An hour or two afterwards the bodies were found in the river.

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.—The Newburg Branch Railroad has stopped its passenger trains a few days. Immense numbers of the insects had lit upon the road, and after the train had passed over them, the smell of them, the whisole of the cars, and the track, became so greasy that the wheels slipped and the train could not proceed. It was tested without advancing. The track had to be covered with dirt, before the train could proceed.

THERE is living in the Williamsburg District in South Carolina, a negro man who is said to be over one hundred and twenty years of age. He was married before Washington died, and has been a slave all his life. He has never been permitted to learn the alphabet, and has never had any schooling whatever. He has been blind for sixty years, and is also deaf. He values his liberty more than all the world beside.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the city railroad cars was severely injured on the Harlem road, by the accidental slipping of loosing a pretty girl as she alighted from the car. He was very much disappointed when the young lady passed him down the lady herself to testify in the case. Perhaps was present, and the lady was not summoned, for he is the gentleman's wife. He retained his situation.

THE contemplated line of railroad telegraph to Italy by the Red Sea route has been determined on, the British Government having guaranteed the interest on the cost on the requisite capital for fifty years. When this line is completed, we can send, and receive answers from India, and get an answer the same day.

THE Legislature of Illinois recently insulted a beautiful young Congress girl at a ridge of that train, for which her father demanded and received satisfaction. Several of the men and withdrawn, and then forced and fashioned him. Those who have not been horsed can look forward to their turn with confidence.

A NEW HAVEN paper says that a case of self-pleasuring was recently discovered in Hartford, Conn., and the parties were arrested and bound over. The parties were guilty of the crime of self-pleasuring, and while the crime but did not constitute enough to hold her.

A GERMAN, in Chicago, recently became enraged at his little girl, two years of age, and split her head open with an axe.

A YOUNG boy recently attached a young man to Baltimore, and though the latter was not seriously hurt he died with fright.

THE SUPREME COURT of Massachusetts have decided that cut-in-boring by horse is nonsuch.

MY CREED.

BY ALICE CARY.

I do not think the Providence extends
This grace to me that grace to this or more;
They are the same whereby we travelers blind,
Feel out our Heaven.

I think less chosen the quality of love,
Than the fine instinct that somewhere there is right:
Do not the shameless creatures serve as grace
The power of light?

On tyrannous ways the fact of Providence runs—
The given bough bestows all the sun and sky;
And where sin is, abounding righteousness,
Much more than sin.

Men cannot be all selfish—separate good
In members stirred beneath the whole to one;
All adverse interests, wisely understood,
Resolve to one!

I do believe all worship doth accord,
Whether from temple flows by heather bed,
Or from the shrines where Christian praises blend,
To lift true God!

Blessed Heaven—that his love prepares
The vessel's flesh—its fashion of all faith see;
And, simple, sinful as I am, He cares
Even for me.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION AND FORTITUDE.

Doctor Burke found the companions of our hero more or less severely injured; but their state, fortunately, inspired no fear for their ultimate recovery. Jack Maudlow proved the greatest sufferer, as well as the most refractory of his patients; for although the graceful fellow could scarcely stand, he insisted so long and strenuously on being removed to the bedside of his benefactor, and watching over him himself, that it required all the doctor's authority to induce him to relinquish his design—it seemed to him a dereliction of duty to pursuit any one due to supply his place.

As for Mark Rayner, happier than the rest, he was attended by his devoted wife: no wonder that he recovered fast.

In illness there is no hand like woman's to smooth the pillow—arrange the parched lip, or wipe the cold, damp dews of agony from the throbbing brow. In misfortune, her voice is the first to offer consolation; in death, to whisper the hope which follows true repentance.

In every relation of life—as daughter, sister, wife, or mother—woman's mission is a sacred ministry; too often, alas! misunderstood, and still more frequently unrewarded, by the return of that affection which constitutes at once her weakness and her strength.

Man should remember this, and the harsh word would die upon his lips unspoken. The blow—but we dare not pursue the subject: for no appeal one pen may trace can touch the heart of a wretch capable of raising his hand to strike where heaven most loves, and unmoved is most bound to guard.

Our readers, who have followed the progress of Mark Rayner, are too well acquainted with him by this time to suppose for an instant that those observations are intended to apply to him; for, with all his faults, he had never ceased to fondly love his wife—to feel proud of her virtues and the principles he lacked strength of mind to imitate. His errors, not to use a harsher term, had arisen from weakness of character. Like hundreds of hearts, he lacked resolution to say "No" to the solicitations of idle, dissolute companions; and thus, without being naturally vicious, was led, and led, at frequently the case, the bitter penalty of vice.

Now, happy in her present prospects, forgot the past; and, when her repentant husband would have alluded to it, silenced his self-reproaches with a generous kiss.

For several days the life of Richard depended on a single thought, the slightest shock—a breathtoo rude—must have severed it; but friendship and affection watched over him. Poor Lilian, heart-broken and despairing, with more than human fortitude, restrained her own grief, and recked her own fatigue during the few moments she was permitted each succeeding morning to visit him.

"For my sake," were the words which sealed the dread trust herself to utter; but they fell with affection's balm upon the sufferer's ears—spoke words to his heart; at her presence the shadows of death appeared to recede. True, they returned again, but each time fainter than before; and Burke, who was surrounding in his attendant, at last began to speak confidently of his hopes.

Meanwhile, Sir Charles Fourroux had not neglected the means of defence so providentially placed at his disposal. With immense labor, the heavy guns of the rajah were dragged from their places of concealment, mounted upon the walls, and the single supply of ammunition carefully removed. Worn as they were, and diminished in number, not a man of the fleet but endured his fair fall cheerfully, for his commander and officers shared it with him.

As for Major Pitzilimaun, having formerly served in the artillery, he considered himself peculiarly called upon to superintend the operations, and, to do him justice, worked at them day and night. Never, perhaps, had the old soldier felt a greater measure than when he hobbled his pets, as he facetiously called them, placed in position.

"Let the rascals come," he said, "only let them make their appearance within range; I ask no more."

"You forget my patient," observed Burke, gravely.

"So I did," observed the worn-hearted Welshman; "well, then, I hope they will come soon, the poor fellow can stand the music of their voices. How differently we are constituted," he added; "it would revive me, and send me oozing like blood to my heart, even if I were in extremis, as you doctors call it."

The hope, like many others in this world, was destined to prove a false one; for, on the evening of the very day on which the preparations were completed, the long-expected forces of the Dragon joined those of the rebel rajah at the fort.

Fire thousand of them at the very least," philosophically observed the major, as he saw them defile, troop after troop, upon the plain. "Where such to succeed, I can predict that."

"Sorry to hear it," replied the doctor, who, with a thoughtful brow and hesitating step, proceeded shortly afterwards to the apartment of Lady Bell and Lillian.

It is almost too much to expect, even from woman's fortitude and devotion," he motioned to himself; "but it must be tried, for it is the only chance of saving him."

It was only by committing watchfulness, joined to great professional skill, that the speaker had succeeded in suppressing those symptoms of fever which, in the feeble state of our hero, in all probability would have terminated fatally. To accomplish this, he had permitted only a subdued light to penetrate the cell of his patient, forbidden the visits of Lillian and Lady Bell to be prolonged beyond a few brief moments, and, above all, prohibited the slightest word or sound that might increase the susceptibility of the nervous system, already too much excited; and now he was rewarded with the horrors of an attack, the cannon's roar, and were thus all the factors of suspense—anxiety for those he loved.

There appeared but one way of meeting it;

LADY BELL AND LILLIAN WATCHING BY RICHARD'S COUCH DURING THE REPORT ATTACK UPON THE TEMPLE.

what might prove a final sallee—Lady Bell to her husband, Lillian to her second father.

"Shall I read to you, Richard?" whispered the latter.

Her lover smiled content, and the fair girl hesitantly commenced, with an unfaltering voice, the sublime liturgy of the church. On arriving at that portion of it in which we are taught to pray against battle, murder, and sudden death, her lover pronounced his response, "Good Lord deliver us," with the deepest fervor. All but our hero were aware that the perils they implored protection against were thundering then.

At the conclusion of the prayer Fred Wharton joined the group; he wore a cheerful air, and smilingly gave his hand to his friend.

"I have but a few moments to remain with you," he observed, in a careless tone. "The major is about to exercise the guns which we have at last succeeded in mounting upon the walls; it is necessary," he added, "to ascertain their range."

"I positively forbid it," exclaimed Burke; "Pitzilimaun must postpone it for a day or two. How does he imagine my patient can endure the report?"

"Not on my account," said Richard, cheerfully; "I can bear it, I feel assured I can, now that I know the cause. To be here, wounded and helpless, whilst those dearest to me were waging an unequal combat with our enemies, would, I confess, prove too great a trial for my philosophy or strength, but mere pruilice—my wives are used to irritable as you imagine."

The doctor proceeded to forego his remonstrance with which he looked rebellious, and the young officer returned to his post upon the walls, where he found Sir Charles Fourroux in consultation, watching the troops of the rajah and his new ally, as they defiled from the fort.

"It will be on chil's play," observed the former, as he mentally calculated their force.

"I trust not," observed his companion, in a cheerful tone; "I am tired of being cooped up in these hollow walls, and should like a movement to have the credit of defeating the rascals before any of our friends arrive. Those wretched rebels will be," he added, "when our guns have done with them. I long to hear the sound of hungry voices."

More than an hour elapsed before this wish, so natural from the lips of an old soldier, was gratified. The besieged waited with the utmost patience till the rebels were sufficiently near to be distinct in their force.

At the first discharge of the cannon, the colonel gave one sigh to those who were so dear to him; but no murmur escaped every energy and thought was directed to his country.

"Beautifully pointed!" exclaimed the excited major, when he had heard the deadly havoc the shower of grape had caused in the advancing columns. "The balls played with them as they do with the bowl, have left in their lines."

Above the roar of battle, which now began in earnest, the deep, stern voice of the commander of the fleet might be heard giving orders, some of which though he and his regiment were on the parade-ground.

The leader of the rebels was so disconcerted at finding the walls of the temple defended by unexpected artillery, that it was some time before he recovered sufficient presence of mind to change the plan of attack, and direct his attempts against the north side of the building, whose defenders, however, had foreseen the movement, and were bringing several of their guns to bear in the direction mentioned.

"Display your lines as much as you will," said Pitzilimaun, affectionately patting one of his pieces, "and you know what will be done to it!"

When the report of the cannon fell, like a thunder-clap, upon the ears of the rebels, those whom him noticed that a faint flash suffused his cheek, that he held his eye cautiously upon those of Lillian, who replied to his silent inquiry by a smile that might have done honor to a martyr's countenance.

"I am afraid," observed the doctor, "that the noise will prove too much for you; I had better send a message to the major to stop it."

"No," replied our hero; "it was but the first emotion. My nerves, I fear, are greatly shattered."

"Remember my injunction," interrupted Burke, placing his finger upon his lips.

"Not another word," said Lady Bell, seating herself by the side of the patient, and taking one of his hands in hers; "remember, we are only here upon conditions that you keep absolute silence."

Three words were interrupted by a second report, which rolled fearfully through the halls of the temple, and caused the blood to rush to the heart of the person who knew that at the very moment she was thus forcing her features to beg for feelings the bestowal of her affection was exposed to the chances of an unequal contest.

The effort was rewarded, and her betrayed no emotion—fully believing in the well but painfully acted deception, he felt convinced that the warlike sounds appeared more distant than the previous.

And thus for several hours did those heroic women endure the torture of suspense, the agony of doubts that rend the heart—endure them without a murmur or a sigh.

Tears would have been a relief, but they dared not shed them.

Never had Burke, the early protector of this extraordinary group, felt so deeply interest with love and admiration for women's fortitude and woman's strength, as when soon-quashing their silent sympathies, he had witnessed many a noble deed upon the battle-field, where the force of example, the leader's cheer, the zest of triumph and the excitement of the conflict, lend their powerful aid to sustain and encourage, but never nor more heroic than the suppression of their sufferings; not a word of repentance, a look or cry of anguish escaped them; and if, at each fresh discharge, an involuntary start, or one of doubt, rewarded for an instant upon their features, a smile quickly dissipated it.

The fight raged over here, as the cry of human voices rose above the battle's din, "something unknown to history."

Our brave fellows shouting defiance to the enemy, proclaiming their victory in vain cries to the leaders. It was a touching sight to witness how the eyes of the wounded would brighten, and the parched lip quiver with a half-uttered blessing, as their delirious ravings, mingling with the sounds without, added to the confusion.

Poets and painters, as if by common accord, have invariably represented the angel of pity in a female form, a unity of idea which may be traced to the feeling that woman is the impersonation of our own genius. The seraphim, leading in ever-rapt adoration before the mercy-seat, must be the likeness of woman.

As for the doctor, although perfectly aware that his exertions would meet with no other recompense than the proud consciousness of having performed a holy duty, perhaps the most exalted of which a man is incapable, he remained day and night at his post, preserving the medicine with his own hands, watching every phase of the disease, and trying all that professional skill and friendship could suggest, to baffle its fatal ravages. Like a true soldier of humanity, he thought not of himself, the danger to his own life, the risk, the weakness of his endless task, but persevered with a calm, unwearied energy, which a less experienced therapy alone could have satisfied.

It is true that the battle, may we say the star, of government, that they have no rewards for deeds of quiet heroism. The officer who is the first to plant the British flag on the standard of the enemy from the regulated walls, or lead a dashing charge, is certain of receiving some mark of distinction, even though it should afterwards be found that the charge was a blunder; whilst the surgery surgeon, who, on the battle-field or amid the fever of the hospital, could have saved a life, left unnoticed. Fame has no place upon her list for such achievements, government no memory, or the political politicians of the present day tongues to remind it of them, and they never will have, we fear, whilst human nature is what it is, and there is gold.

You were something wearying in the waiting-day by day, in the hope of the long-promised succor, so unaccountably delayed.

The officers were ascended as usual for the men; but it was not till after the lapse of days that the conversation became general, when Dawlish, who had long been heartily tired of the war, and was heard with wits, observed that, had he been governor-general of India, the revolt should long since have been stifled.

"How so?" demanded the major.

"Six months' basin would have settled the affair."

"It would have been both useless and impolitic," replied the colonel. "The guerilla, once thrown down, England would have lost her prestige by showing weakness. Mark my words," he added; "the war will prove a war of extermination."

"Better that," said Pitzilimaun, "than being cooped up with fever to decimate us in them accursed walls."

At this moment Dr. Burke entered the room, and, with a look of triumph, exclaimed to all:

The rascals have been pelted and spoiled," he observed, alluding to the sepoys, "and this is their grandame; but I have long foreseen the result of our yielding to their demands."

"You!" repeated his hearers.

"You are aware," continued the speaker, "that I served with the sepoys. Being, as I supposed, the result of this trashing to the men we had armed and trained, but, like most people, the last was unheeded."

"And very properly so!" exclaimed Dawlish. "I have often considered myself fortunate in not having served under 'Charley,' as the soldiers call him."

"Why fortunate?" demanded the doctor, who entertained a profound veneration for the memory of the conqueror of Scinde.

"He was a martinet."

"He was a soldier, every inch!" replied the former, with a look of one of those rare fire lights and frame who rise from time to time to arrest a nation's decadence. He had no compunction, and he performed it as a Christian and a soldier should do."

"You are warm, sir," observed Dawlish, swaying at the tone of the speaker.

"No more so than the occasion warrants," observed Fred Wharton, who had hitherto remained a silent listener to the conversation.

"I am aware——"

"Pardon me, Burke," interrupted the colonel, "but this is a point on which it is not lose my privilege thus public to speak. For Charles Napier was mostly connected with me, and I claim the right to defend his memory."

There was silence. A claim so urged was felt by all present as too sacred to be disputed.

"I am not aware," said Dawlish, with difficulty mastering his passion—but he did master it, he recollected the time in his life when school was the revolver, and the lesson was not thrown away upon him—"that the memory of Sir Charles Napier has been assailed, either as a soldier or a gentleman, and certainly not by me.

"As for my congratulating myself upon not having served under him," he continued "that is a matter of taste."

"And of pluck," muttered the major, who began to doubt the courage of his friend.

"You spoke of him as a martinet," he added, aloud.

"Is there anything offensive in the term?" demanded Dawlish, who found himself assailed on all sides by the most calculated upon. "Martinet, major! why, I have heard you call the Iron Duke by the same name, when relating how he got you under arrest in Spain, for attempting to exile the whole Portuguese army to the devil in a word."

The Wellesian stung at his doubles impatiently, and was about to reply, but Burke interposed the secret.

"There neither is or can be any cause of quarrel," said the Charles Fourroux, whose opinion was naturally looked up to with respect. "Mr. Dawlish is right, sir, in a measure, and I am not the less so for the observation."

"Certainly not," exclaimed the latter; "and I state it the more readily from the respect I bear to Sir Charles's memory, which was nearly as much, he added, "if Current Wharton hath distinguished, the Israelites can with him, and with me."

"My opinion since I have had the honor of holding a commission in the regiment," observed the latter, "has, I trust, sufficiently proved to my brother officers that I am not disposed to be voted to ask a quarrel."

"Certainly not," the general exclaimed.

"*Or shrink from one if forced upon me*," added the speaker, in a tone which Dawlish alone understood.

Every one agreed that it was unnecessary the affair should be pursued any further; that it had ended as it ought to do, and that, with a disgreeable impression on the mind of him whose interposals words had provoked it. He could not comprehend the cause of the agitation of Fred Wharton; it annoyed him, perhaps, more than the most unfounded attack upon his courage would have done.

"What can the fellow mean?" he mentally asked himself. "I wish he would speak out, so that I could understand him."

But it was not the coward's one to speak out.

Although the officers had come to the resolution to fight it out to the last, as an end, there is every reason to suppose the quarrel would not have terminated as it did, but for the appearance of a enemy the following day before the temple; when a simultaneous impulse were aroused in the assembly of facing the common danger—of unsheathing in the cause of the land which had given them birth, and saved and race; or, if defeated, leaving to their country a memory and a name of which England might well be proud.

This time the attack was conducted with far more skill and determination than before; and, as the guns of the rajah being admirably served by the disciplined sepoys, the fire from the walls of each fresh discharge the iron shower swept the ranks of the rebel defenders were compelled to fore hundred effective men—so greatly had war and fever thinned the ranks of the gallant dies.

Nothing could withstand the fearful havoc began to waver, for more than a third of them had already fled, and were pursuing their flight as far as they being ladders in order to scale the walls, and the order was received with the cry of "Death to the Europeans!" by the excited sepoys, upon whose fanaticism the Brahmins had worked by predictions and promises.

The attempt was directed against the north side of the temple, as being the point least covered by the guns of the rebels.

The moment the enemy were scaling the walls echoed through the temple, and was heard even in the hospital.

Then followed one of those scenes which fed their pencil only in the pages of some antique romantic or desultory story. The wounded and fever-stricken men rose from their pallets, and, with the energy of despair, were hurled to the top the gaps the fire of the enemy had made in the walls, and, regardless of life, fought to defend their resolution; even the voice of Burke was unheeded, as, with resolution that seemed heroic, and tottered rather than marched to the wall.

It is idle to be supposed that, in a contest like the present one, our hero or Jack Maudlow were content to remain idle spectators. In presence of danger to the king he so truly loved, Richard forgot the weakness his wounds had left, and fought with the fury and courage of decrepitude.

A blow from the butt-end of the musket he wielded crushed in the skull of the first rebel whose head appeared above the parapet; a second, third, and fourth followed with the same result;

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for his blows were ably seconded by those of his companion.

Still the assailants mounted to the walls with terrible rapidity, and it soon became a hand-to-hand contest, in which the bettermen of the English-men's muskets did good work. One fellow, a leader of the rappers, whose wiry, active frame denoted vast strength, had already obtained a footing upon the rampart, when Fred Wharton levelled his re-riter with the intention of shooting him; it missed fire, and the brawny rebel, springing upon the young officer, a fearful struggle ensued—a death-grapple, to whose intensity the swelling muscles and strained nerves of the combatants bore witness.

Richard and Jack Manders perceived the danger of their friend, and hastened to his aid. The litter-does our their approach, and, with a courage which a better cause would have rendered sublime, succeeded in dragging the corpse to the edge of the rampart.

An involuntary cry of horror broke from those who witnessed it; but deadly a desire might have raised, not a trigger was pulled. Each one feared to fire last, in the sudden stagger of pos-tion—the twinings and contortions of the combat-ants—the wrong man should be struck.

Such, whose quick eye and steady nerve never for an instant deserted him, saw that the strength of Wharton was giving way. There was but one thing to be done, and he resolved to attempt it. Snatching up one of the long, knife-like weapons which the assailants who had been hurled from the walls had dropped, he rushed towards the edge of the parapet, and rapidly plunged the blade into the body of the Rioter. The relief of the young officer was mortally wounded, but even in death, with the tenacities of his creed and race, determined not to fall unavenged. With a wild yell of triumph, and shouting the word "Dean!" he sprang from off the wall, bearing his assailant with him.

A low, shrieking sound broke from the lips of Dunlish as he witnessed the terrible fate of the only man he feared: it might have been horror: but those who heard it declared it strongly enchanted that it sounded very like a laugh.

The men which started into the eye of our hero for a few instants rendered him insensible to all that was passing.

There was but brief time for indulging in the natural feelings of the heart; for scarcely had the triumphant cries of the rebels, who had succeeded at last in mastering the gate, ceased every Englishman upon the walls to the number of twenty-one had stood. Bravely did they contest every inch of ground between them and the citadel, behind which the women, the wounded, and sick had been arranged for refuge. Many fell, and others, stricken land of horror beat back their ferocious enemies, and reduce the broken gates.

As Sir Charles performed this dangerous task for the last time with his own hands, a loud cheer broke from the men.

To their astonishment it was returned. The second came from a distance; it was the voice of one taking the sound. English bugles alone could have given it forth.

"Are we dreaming?" exclaimed the colonel, in evidently struggling his reeling senses.

"The relief!" shouted Corporal Stock, who feeling that his support was gone against the gate-way, had removed the wife of his commander and Lillian to the loftiest floor of the temple, in order to protect them to the last. "I can see the flash of the bayonets as they glisten in the sun. The fools have come from the north—the cavalry already retreating towards the fort."

On hearing the cheering intelligence, the officers clamorously demanded to be led forth. It was useless to attempt opposing such determination—enthusiasm is scarcely the word, it should have been madness. The wounded were carried down stairs, and every man, whose strength permitted him still to shoulder a musket, issued forth to give the escape a parting volley.

When the reinforcement so long promised at last swept the plain, the brigadier in charge of the party not sufficiently expert his admiration of the desperate defence.

"Although I must insist upon relieving your gallant fellows from all duty," he politely said, "you Colonel Fourmus must still retain the command of the place as you have bravely defended against fearful odds."

Lasting his sword, he seized the battered colors of the fort, which still floated proudly on the walls.

"Victory dearly purchased," murmured Richard, as he thought of his friend, whose body the men of the convoy were anxiously sought in order to give it a soldier's burial.

Amid the lamp of dust it was nowhere to be found; but so far from the circumstance exciting surprise any vain hope, it added to the affliction of our hero.

"Carried off!" he bitterly exclaimed, as the cavalry convoy, wretches who neither respect the living nor the majesty of the dead."

In a few days operations were commenced against the fort, which the united forces of the British now dismantled; after which operation they slowly directed their march towards Dadd.

Within the second week of the house were marching to the seat of future triumph, we must request the reader to suppose an absence of two full years, and return with us, once more, to England.

Our readers may readily suppose that Mr. Bentley awaited the arrival of each packet from India with intense anxiety; for intelligence of the revolt could was to shake the power of the Company in the East but already reached him, and he was far too clear-sighted not to appreciate the danger which threatened every European inhabitant.

How bitterly did he regret the past. What would he not have sacrificed had it been possible to have recalled it! The absence of our hero had left a void in the old man's heart which neither, or the excitement of acquiring it, had long ceased to fill.

At last the longexpected packet arrived. There were two. The first one in the handwriting of Mr. Carey. It ran thus—

"My dear old Friend,—It is with the most poignant regret, I inform you of the death of your unfortunate grandson, who has been cut off by a party of rebels whilst on his way to join some friends who had preceded him to the fort of war. I inclose your correspondent's letter. I would offer my consolation if I knew how; but I am myself overwhelmed, and feel how fruitless the attempt must be. May Heaven enable you to support the terrible infliction."

"Alone!" murmured the old man, when the words which seared his heart had been read to the last line: "I have nothing to love, or live for now!"

In his hour of anguish the merchant forgot that he had still a daughter.

When the old servant, who scarcely ever quitted him, entered the library, he was much shocked by finding his master to all appearance lifeless. His first care was to raise the body, the next to despatch a messenger for Dr. Farnie, who, on his arrival, attempted to bleed his patient, but for some time the life-blood refused to flow.

"Dead!" murmured the domestic, in a tone of sorrow; for Mr. Bentley had been a kind master to him, and he felt his loss keenly.

A few drops began slowly to ooze from the vein, and the doctor said—

"Nothing of the kind," replied the pompous man of science; "nothing of the sort. If something should must have occurred," he added, "to occasion so great a shock."

"No doubt, sir," said the man; "he has been worrying himself about letters for several days past; I quite expected this would arrive."

At the word "letters" the doctor, whose cordial was now around, looked about him, and discovered them upon the table, one open, the other with the seal unbroken.

"Hold his arm," he said to the housekeeper, who had been called in above. "That will do; the blood begins to flow with more freedom now."

The woman did as she was directed, and the speaker taking up Mr. Carey's letter, would have read it, had not the faithful domestic restrained him.

"They can't concern you, sir," he said, in a tone at once both firm and respectful.

"Hem! No, certainly not; and yet, my good fellow, it would be better for me to peruse them."

"Don't see it."

"Of course not; how should you?" replied the doctor. "But it is of the utmost importance that I should ascertain whether the shock proceeds from any disturbance of feelings which may have quickly recently upon the heart. The diagnosis of disease can only be conducted," he added, "may be enlightened by——"

"I know nothing about the cause of the disease," observed the servant, "but I know this—Master would not like his letters to be read, and they shan't be."

Phrases the life lips and remained silent, whilst the domestic deliberately took up the packets, and, with the utmost coolness, folded the letters, and placed them in his pocket.

"You are very suspicious," observed the doctor.

"Not in the least, only prudent," was the reply.

Mr. Bentley was removed to his chamber and placed in bed. To do the doctor justice, all that his skill could suggest was put in practice to secure the recovery of his patient, that was his first consideration; the next, when all fear of any immediate danger was removed, was to write and inscribe a confidential letter to Carus Keach, with whom he had been in correspondence relative to mutual friend had introduced them, and the villlarge practitioner had hesitated to accept of the many other employments that of spy upon the wealthy merchant.

By the same post the faithful servant dispatched a letter to Peter Mudge; on receiving which the clerk forgot business, the ledger, the bill-file, discounts, tare and tret, left everything at sixes and sevens, and posted down to Gosport, where he arrived a few minutes only before the junior partner.

On entering the library, the old man, whose lips were ready to utter the usual accompanying phrase, was much shocked at finding his principal so changed and apparently that even he could scarcely recognise him.

"Good gracious, Richard!" he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

Before Mr. Bently, who sat with his face buried in his hands, could reply, the door opened, and Carus entered the apartment. The sight of his mighty employer so prostrated astonished the former energy of character, and he sternly ordered him from his presence.

"Not a word," he exclaimed. "The mask has long since been torn off, and that which formed my tongue is broken by death. Assassin—cowardly assassin, I know you!"

On hearing the word "assassin," Carus Keach lost the self-possession which generally characterized him, and fled.

"For heaven's sake, Richard," the anguish of the moment, "what has occurred?"

"I am dying."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the clerk, at the same time bursting into a flood of tears.

"Dying," repeated the banker, deeply affected by the sympathy of his speaker. "I have but been struck where I most stand in my affections, and can I live?"

"Don't speak in these dreadful riddles," chocked Peter; "I'll be off for the doctor directly. Only be comforted, and——"

"Alone!" interrupted his old friend. "What him? Richard?"

Although the question was several times repeated, the speaker was unable to obtain an answer. At last he received evidence that the fatal shot his employer was wandering. So Peter at once set himself down and wrote two letters; it must be conceded no ordinary proof of his affection for the sufferer, when we inform the reader that the physician of eminence, to post at once to Hedrove Park.

The second was to the cashier, giving such instructions as were necessary for conducting the business of the house.

"There, I have done all I can," he said, as he sealed them; "I am sure you will excuse my independence, Richard?" he added, in a tone of pathetic remonstrance, "why did you ever quit London to live in this horrible, desolate place? Those misfortunes never occur in the city."

[to be continued in our next.]

EDUCATION.

Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's word of approbation, or sign of reproof—with sister's gentle penance of the hand, or a brother's share of recreation—with handfull of flowers in green and daisy—grasses—with the sympathy of a mired, but not touched; with creeping ease and hesitancy—with commencement of a thoughtful bent and glass beads—with pleasant walks in the lovely lanes, and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to the wonders of nature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue and to the center of all good—to God himself.

"WALKING OFF THE EDGE"

A Yankee, who went over to the mother country some time ago, who was asked, on coming back, how he liked Great Britain:—Well, he said, Boston was a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous and very wealthy; but," said the Yankee, "I never liked to take a morning walk, after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

VERSES TO MY FIRST-BORN.

BY THE YOUNG MOTHER.

My cherish'd infant! image of thy sire!
Thy father's eyes, his mouth, his forehead's power;
Sleep, little one, and close your eyes of fire,
Those eyelids which the pencil of sleep represses.

Sweet pet! dear little one! my slumber laid thee
Beside my wish; I must never forget
I watch'd o'er thee, to nourish and defend thee,
Ere thou couldst open thine eyes, or think, or feel.

Sleep, infant, sleep! my infant soul my treasure!
Sleep on my bosom, for with it thou hast been!
And though thy weeds can give this heart no pleasure,
I live in my children, and for their sakes exist.

Yet, thou with smile, dear pet! when thou awakest
Yet, thou with smile, dear pet! joyful grace,
Thy mother's face thou never view remember,
And then how heavy to look thee for one.

What! do thy little fingers move the breast,
The fountain which thy self-love prevail, at pleasure?
Couldst thou exhaust it, think of pleasure then!
Even then thou couldst not prove my fond love's measure.

His little arms stretch'd out, and then I know!
His eyes is closed—he sleeps—how still his breath!
Heaven guard my babe from the cloud of sorrow!
His course is clearer as the arrow of death.

Awake, my child!—I could not bear to lose thee!
Awaken!—fatal thought, thou art no more—
Ah! still I see thee, and still I hear thy voice,
And view with thy rapture my fond caresses.

Hast cover'd thy face with thy little hands?
My gentle dearest delight his calm repose!
Alas! thou sleep'st, and I know not when I sleep—
Will he, basbe me, watch time upon mine?

Sleep, my babe, sleep! thy mother by thee sits;
Sad cannot will destroy thy dream too soon;
Sleep, my babe, sleep! thy mother by thee sits;
Her long for very memory will be gone!

CRAZY KATE.

BY MARY C. VACGHAN.

"Here comes Crazy Kate," shouted a group of urchins, swinging on the gate, or rolling in the grass in the hollow, in front of it.

"She's coming here!" was presently announced in lower tones. "She's crazy, and you afraid of her." And they all, with the exception of the smallest, while the girl, who were loitering near, not being large gentlemen of the neighborhood, and other employments that of spy upon the wealthy merchant.

By the same post the faithful servant dispatched a letter to Peter Mudge; on receiving which the clerk forgot business, the ledger, the bill-file, discounts, tare and tret, left everything at sixes and sevens, and posted down to Gosport, where he arrived a few minutes only before the junior partner.

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ABOUT GIRLS.

The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be, or how velvety her lips, if she wears a scowl on her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with a smile, will be regarded as handsome, though her complexion is coarser enough to grate ruinous on. As perfume is to the rose so is good nature to the lovely. Girls think of this.

MOTHER.

The maternal affection is beyond all comprehension, and it would almost seem as if God, in framing, had endowed woman with a spirit little inferior to that angels, in order to fit her for a mother. The care of Mrs. Douglass so beautifully illustrates and exemplifies this whole subject, that it is a deep impression on the minds of hundreds. Even when the child was a mere infant, she would the earth hid from her sight his cold remains, she was constantly at his side, when allowed by the nurse, and when, by the kind management of the President to the gloomy cell, by night and by day, through the rain and the storm, she never ceased her efforts in the cause of her son: and when, at last, she received the following touching expressive clemency, she appealed to subordinates for aid, and was successful in obtaining the boon. Unpermissible, no language her sufferings. When all was dark and still, and while the keepers slumbered the engrossed mother, while she Kate and child, or her knees by the side of his cot, imploring the mercy of the Almighty upon her unfortunate son. And at last, when his son was dead, and the eternal grave closed upon the hopes of the fond and afflicted mother approached the coffin, and the instant the lid was removed, she fell on the body of her child, and exclaiming, in deliberate tone of despair, my poor boy, your trials are all over on this side of the grave, and you are now beyond the ken of this world." She knelt over the body, and kissed the pale lips of her child again, all the tenderness and portions of his hair as a keepsake of her unfortunate son.

"TAKE CARE OF THY MONEY."

Paley, whose style is not remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good dancer," he used to say, "and when I was young I followed my father on a piece of my own, which I thought very graceful; but I was told at once; I was higher then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to prove fatal. Take care of thy money, my father would turn his head half aside, and say, "Take care of thy money, lad: as if I myself were of no consequence."

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THE VOYAGE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KENNON.

Father, I steer my bark
Across life's raging sea;
And oft my waves are dark,
No sunbeam speeds
My bark to guide me safe for me,
The billows make it leap,
The tempest's angry blast;
My only trust is Thee,
That Thou'lt remember me,
And bring me to a haven of peace at last.

Friend, see, oh! look—my danger—
A patient, hopeful heart;
And strength to safely glide
Over the troubled tide,
Unharmed by storm's dark dart;
And when I reach the land,
My promised place of rest,
Oh, may I find a welcome kind,
Too, too, given to the blest,
And live forever with the ransomed and the blessed.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

There was much anxiety manifested at Dunn Warrenton moved forward and took a seat where she could hear the conversation. Thomas Cleaveland had settled back with a dogged determination to let the matter to be said, for though he had a vague fear that something was wrong, he could not say it openly to himself.

"Let's have the story," interrupted the archbishop, "and as few words as possible."

"Well," commenced the dame, "here it is. I'll tell it to you as I got it—there's some here that don't understand anything about it: Margaret Glendower's father and mother moved from Wales to Scotland when she was a mere infant, and when she was five years old her mother died, and a year afterwards her father married a young sister of mine who was living there. When she was ten years old her father died, and shortly after that I went to Scotland on a visit, and spent some months with my adopted sister. She had no children of her own, but she looked upon Margaret as one of her own blood, and loved her as such. And I learned to love the beautiful child, too. She was as good and as affectionate that I could not help it. And I fairly wept when I parted from her.

"I came home, and in five years afterwards I learned that my sister was dead, and I at once sent for Margaret to come and live with me. She came —and I was happy in her company. She had grown most beautiful in her opening womanhood, and was just the same true and loving creature that she was in childhood. One day Sir Owen Cleaveland, the lord of this place, came to my cot, and we had an interview there. He conversed with her till he found that her mind was as rich in intelligence as her face, and form were in beauty, and then he went away. In a few days he came again. And so he came often, and finally he asked Margaret to be his wife—to be Countess of Stanbury. He told her that he dared not let his nephew, Sir Guy Lavisle, know of his plans, for he feared her. She had a niece, whom she called Annabella, of my sister, who had determined to be should marry, and so much did he dread her wrath and vindictiveness that he really feared that she might wreak her vengeance upon him, should he carry his purpose out.

"Beg of pestilence—you lie!" hissed Lavisle, while little drops of foam stood upon her bloodless lips. "I never knew her to do aught but her own falsehood to gain the prize he sought."

"Will I go through, will I go through? was seeming to take but little notice of the interruption. "When the time was made clear enough, and he added, meaning her sacrifice, 'Margaret must be my wife,' she gave in. I found that she had learned to love the earl most fondly, and that she had set all her hopes of happiness upon the union. I felt sure that Owen was an honorable man, and a fit man—I knew that he was beloved by all his people, and that he always secured any prisoners like wrong or oppression. So I bade my loved nephew good by, and she thought best, and I told him she would be his wife. He took her to Pyrfleghlan, where they were privately married; and from thence they went to Scotland, where they spent a year of pure and unalloyed happiness. At last we came back, and then they called on his name Julian. About this time the earl received a letter from one of his relations saying, privately, that the medale attendance at York on matters of much importance. I was not well enough to accompany him, so he set off alone, leaving her and his child in the care of trusty friends. He went to York, and then came to Welthill. He may have told here that he was married to Margaret Glendower, but I am not sure. I only know it was a week after his arrival he died. He was found dead in the stable, and seemed to have been kicked in the temple by a horse, as his thinking may be very likely indeed by those where the animal stood. It was a wonder at the time for the horse had never been known to kick before. However, he was dead, and no questions were made for his funeral.

"And here is strange thing happened. She who had been known as Annabella Secret *appeared at the funeral as the widow of the earl!* She had given birth to a male child, and the lady Lavinia announced that she had been the lawful wife of the earl for nearly two years. People knew that such a thing as marriage between Sir Owen and Annabella had long been talked of, and they had nothing to wonder at. I dared say nothing, for I knew the danger that I should incur. A few months later Margaret came with her boy. She came to the hall, and was met with scoff and derision. Lavinia Cleaveland told her that she had only been a victim to Sir Owen's base passions—that his seeming marriage with her had been all a sham, the better to secure her in his power; and she said that the taking of her to Scotland, after such a private ceremony, was proof enough of his falsehood. She said that Annabella was his lawful wife, and that the boy had thereby given birth to a legitimate heir.

"Faint, cold, and dizzy, poor Margaret sought my cot, and for long weeks she lay upon a sick-bed. She could not believe that Owen Cleaveland—the man whom she had so loved and revered—had so basely deceived her, and yet she was forced to admit it. She could not institute an inquiry that might establish her own shame, and prove her child a bastard. When she became strong once more she returned to Scotland. A few years afterwards she visited me again, and remained with me three years at the cot, and at the end of that time she became dear to her child more than ever before. Her son, Owen Cleaveland, was absolutely struggling up from the blow it had received. A few months ago he came to me here to meet his boy. She was recognized by those who feared her, and who must have known well why she had come, and the foul fiend was upon her track. Her son came, and he found her dead. She had been poisoned, and by pirates. While he had been absent Annabella married a Welsh knight, and went with him to Calcutta, and she wrote to them to look after, and care for, her child for her sake.

"So the boy went, and in that foreign clime he grew up to be a noble man, honored and respected by all by—working his own way to a position of trust and importance. His mother returned to Scotland, and she died. Then for her sake he carefully struggle up from the blow it had received. A few months ago he came

ISHMAEL-LIKE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Like the children of the desert, on their broad demesne of sand,
Dreaming of a distant Elm and an ever beckoning hand,
Reaching over arid wastes and slanting downward from the stars,
As a convict sees the sunshine gleaming through his prison bars,

So I, pilgrim to a Mecca I may never hope to reach,
See the soft, white fingers beckon, hear the low, sweet voice beseech;

One, so eloquent in silence; one, so musical in sound;
Pleading with my Ishmael-spirit, in its world-wide bondage bound.

But the happy isles they call me to, inviting me to stay,
Are beyond my spirit's reaching; lotus land is far away.

In the mist-enveloped distances that shadow the Unseen,
Perchance are rosy hill-sides and odorous vales of green;

Doubtless there the birds of paradise are nightingales of song,
And on airs that rival Araby's their music floats along.

O, my feet are ready sandaled, and in pilgrim garb I stand,
I hear the voice of pleading and I see the beckoning hand;

But, alas! like old Prometheus—I am bound in iron chains,
With my memory the vulture changing pleasures into pains.

And I hear, as when a child I heard, the withered beldam's voice,
As she lifted high her shriveled arms and cursed me with this curse:

From the purpling grange of pleasure you the grapes of bliss shall clasp,
But the wine of their enjoyment shall slip earthward through your grasp.

And this beldam's bitter malison is on me even now;
It coursed through every artery when she stamped it on my brow;

And its agonizing truthfulness I feel from day to day,
As, Ishmael-like, I wander o'er Saharas of decay.

In the sand whose shining mocks me with its wells and emerald slopes,
I ever read the story of the mirage of my hopes.

And the palm-trees and acacias stretching westward o'er the plain,
Whisper of the distant Elm I may never more attain.

I have told my story to the stars, and the sweet pleiades
Have said that the stars cannot reverse what merciless Fate decrees.

And the Moon? She only answered, Such the story she heard told
When Memnon's lips were vocal, in the antique times of old.

So I drift upon the current I can never hope to stem,
Every moment sweeping nearer to a fate that I contemn;

While the soft, white fingers slowly fade because of my delay,
And the low, sweet voice that called me, alas! has died away.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

JACK ASHORE.

It may be recollected by the reader, that some years before the notorious Monroe Edwards had fairly commenced his career of shrewd and successful swindling, he was employed by a rich but unscrupulous capitalist by the name of Hunt to purchase in the Island of Cuba a cargo of slaves, and smuggle them into the then new Republic of Texas.

Edwards was a cunning and far-seeing operator; and succeeded, without detection, in landing the negroes at the Sabine Pass, and afterwards in defrauding his employer out of the entire investment.

I was a resident of Cuba at the time, and became acquainted with Edwards while he was negotiating the purchase; and afterwards, by a singular coincidence, landed on the identical spot where he disembarked his sable cargo.

While here, a curious adventure happened to two of the sailors of the slaver. The vessel lay along the bank of the Pass for several days, while the negroes were smuggled in small gangs to the interior, where they were distributed amongst the planters, who had previously ordered them. The only persons at that time living at the Pass, were Niles F. Smith, and a Mr. Maguffin, a cattle driver—with the latter of whom the sailors had opened a correspondence, in the way of purchasing milk, vegetables, fresh meat, &c.

One day two of the sailors came to Maguffin's place, about two miles from the landing, to get their day's supply of milk. One remained at a little distance from the house while the other entered and made known his errand.

The Texian discovered with surprise that the man was covered with blood, while his clothes hung in ribbons from his back. Altogether, he showed evidences of having been rather roughly handled. Maguffin was naturally curious to learn the cause of this extraordinary appearance of the sailor; but Jack was incommunicable, and evinced no disposition to give a satisfactory account of himself. The conduct of the sailor's comrade was also extraordinary. They had frequently been to the house together, and boldly called for whatever they desired. But now the other sailor, seemingly desirous of escaping observation, seated himself beyond the cow-pen, partially screened by the high fence. The Texian went out to him, and found him in even a worse condition than the first. His clothes were stripped off of him, and he was bleeding from deep and ragged gashes on his arms, face and breast.

On being asked how it happened they were in so crippled a condition, the sailor replied—evidently enough disguising the truth—

"Oh! sir, it is nothing—only Jack and meself had a bit of an old quarrel, and we thought there was never a better time to settle the hash than out here, on the way. We've used our knives rather too freely, sir, you see, that's all."

This explanation, however, did not satisfy the Texian, whose curiosity by this time had been excited to the highest point; and he peremptorily demanded to be told the truth at once.

"Well, then, the truth is, sir," replied the sailor, finding it useless to prevaricate any longer—"the truth is, we've killed your big black dog. We're willing to pay for him, sir; but the fact is, we couldn't help it. He was about to get the weather gauge of us both, sir, and Jack and I were obliged to kill the brute, or by me soul, he would have killed us!"

"Killed my black dog!" exclaimed the Texian. "What do you mean? I don't understand you! There is no black dog on this part of the coast, that I am aware of. So, my good fellow, make yourself easy on that score. You've killed no dog of mine."

"I'm duced glad of that, sir!" answered the sailor, evidently greatly relieved; "for the fact is, we thought the bloody critter belonged to you; and we had agreed, betwixt ourselves, to say nothing about it."

The sailors thus assured, proposed to conduct Maguffin to the spot where lay the animal they had been battling with.

On the way thither, they related their adventure. They said they had passed over half the distance which lay between the vessel and his home, when a large, fierce animal, which they supposed was a dog (for Jack's knowledge of natural history is necessarily limited) sprang upon them from a clump of bushes, by which passed the trail.

They were provided with short sheath knives, such as sailors usually carry in their belts. But at first they defended themselves only with their fists, as they said they did not like to kill the dog. The creature, however, fought them with such ferocity that they were at length obliged to resort to the use of their knives, and finally succeeded in killing it.

Now, what were they to do? They had killed a valuable animal, perhaps—probably belonging to the house to which they were bound. In this dilemma they agreed to say nothing about the affair, but to keep it to themselves; and the sailor who was the most cut up was to keep out of sight of the house till his comrade had obtained the milk.

When Maguffin arrived at the spot, to which the men had conducted him, he found the ground about saturated with blood, and the marks upon the grass showed that a desperate struggle had occurred there. Within the edge of the bushes lay stretched the body of a huge, female *black panther*—one of the most powerful and ferocious of its species—known in Texas as the "*Black Tiger.*"

This creature had been prowling about the prairie for several weeks, and had committed great havoc among the pigs and young cattle of the settlers. They had frequently hunted for her, but had never encountered her.

Maguffin searched through the clump of bushes, and discovered the lair of the panther, in which was snugly nestled her young litter, consisting of four sleek little savages, whose eyes were just being opened to the light of the world. Their experiences of life, however, were few and brief, as they were despatched on the spot by the same knives that had finished their mother.

The sailors had unconsciously conferred a great favor on the settlers by killing the ferocious brute, and consequently leading to the discovery of her young. Mr. Smith, who kept a stock of clothing, and other supplies, for the lumbermen of the Sabine and Naches rivers, accordingly took them to his store, where, after washing and dressing their wounds, they were each presented with a new rig throughout, and sent to their vessel rejoicing.

Jack was now furnished with a good yarn, which I have no doubt he has spun many a time since to an admiring audience of messmates, gathered around the capstan.

Relating the above incident, shortly after its occurrence, to a friend living higher up on the Sabine, he narrated the following somewhat parallel adventure of his own, which he termed—

A SINGLE-HANDED FIGHT IN THE DARK.

I shall tell the story in his own words.

"I had occasion," said he, "to visit Natchitoches, on the Red river, to make arrangements for shipping to New Orleans my first crop of cotton; and had reached the Arroyo Hondo, which stream, you know, is in Louisiana, but a short distance from Fort Jessup.

"I was alone; and as the country is sparsely settled, I was obliged, when night overtook me, to camp out. It was a gloomy, winter day, and the clouds had been some time threatening rain.

"After tying my horse out to grass, with a long lariet, I kindled a fire, prepared coffee, and cooked some 'old Ned,' (bacon;) and partaking of a hearty supper, spread my blankets at the foot of a large sweet gum. But I had hardly done so when the heavy clouds began to discharge their contents, and soon extinguished my fire. Notwithstanding the rain, however, I kept to my blankets, and overcome by the fatigue of a long day's ride, soon fell asleep.

"I should think I had been asleep some hours, when I was aroused by the snorting and struggling of my horse, which appeared to be extremely alarmed, and was making desperate efforts to break away from his tether.

"I left my blankets, and catching up my pistol, approached the animal, now trembling with excessive fright. The familiar tones of my voice, as I put my hand upon him, partially quieted his fears; but still, with head and ears erect and eyes flashing fire, he stood gazing at some object, apparently crouching in a clump of thickets, close at hand.

"I moved nearer towards it, and stooping down, looked attentively in the direction. I perceived a slight motion, and the outline of some animal, which I at once supposed was nothing more than a large Newfoundland dog, a number of which I had observed about the Fort—probably attracted to my camp by the remnants of my supper.

"I snatched up a broken limb and threw it into the bushes, with the intention of frightening the animal away. Quick as thought the creature sprang upon me, with a fierce growl, and attempted to catch at my throat, but with my left hand I threw him off. But again he returned to the attack, and in the darkness fastened his fangs into the muscles of my left arm, and tearing out his hold deeply lacerated the flesh. I felt the hot blood spurt into my face, and heard it trickle like rain on the leaves at my feet.

"With a desperate effort of my lacerated arm, I clutched the throat of the furious brute, as he again sprang upon me, and putting my pistol to his ear, attempted to blow a bullet through his brain. I snapped—but the bullet refused fire—the priming had been wet by the rain.

"I then beat him upon the head till he was glad to wrench away from my relaxing grasp, and retreat to the clump of bushes.

"I now returned to my blankets, and bandaged my arm with my handkerchief as well as I was able to, in the obscurity. I had hardly done so when my horse, with a wild snort, dashed up to me, dragging the pin to which he had been secured. The frightened creature made no attempt to escape, but seemed only desirous of my protection, and stood over me trembling and cowering with excess of alarm.

"The next instant the dog, or whatever it was, made furious by the terrible mauling I had given him with my pistol, returned to the combat. The first spring he made was for the throat of my poor horse. The latter, however, received him with open jaws. He must have given him a severe bite, for the creature with a yell now turned upon me. I stood awaiting the charge with my bowie-knife—a heavy weapon, capable of inflicting fearful wounds. I received him upon its point, and had given him several thrusts, when, with a rapid motion, he caught my blade with his teeth, and wrenched it out of my hand. But he had no sooner got possession of it than, with a howl of pain, he dropped it as if it were red-hot iron, and retreated, staggering to the thicket.

"When daylight soon after made its appearance I discovered that I was covered with blood from head to foot—my own blood and that of the savage brute I had been battling with. The ground and leaves about were also plentifully colored with it. Following up a crimson trail, I traced the animal into the thickets, a little way from my camp. I entered the tangled clump, and forcing a passage through the closely woven vines, came upon the body of a large *black wolf*—an animal I have never seen except in Texas. He is one of the bravest and most ferocious of the wolf family, as was proven by our desperate struggle. His tongue, hanging by a few muscular fibres, was extended from his bloody jaws, severed by the knife he had torn from my hand. He had evidently bled to death from that last wound.

"And there," said my friend, as he pointed to a saddle, hanging in the veranda, over which was spread a beautiful, glossy, black skin, "there, sir, is the memorial of that night's fight on the Arroyo Hondo. But my overseer," continued he, "had recently a more desperate fight than either your sailors or myself. We will call him in from the cotton-field, and let him tell the story of his—

"FIGHT WITH A PANTHER."

The overseer was accordingly sent for; and a red-faced, pugnacious-looking individual made his appearance. Entering the veranda, he approached to where we were sitting, and addressing his employer, inquired:

"Well, squire, what's the word? Bill said you wanted to see me."

"Yes, Abe. The doctor here would like to hear your adventure with the panther. But, doctor, permit me to introduce you to the acquaintance of my excellent overseer, Mr. Abraham Taylor. Now take that chair, Abe, and let us hear your story."

"Well, the fact is, squire," replied the overseer, "you have made me tell that story so often that I'm gittin' kinder tired on't."

"O! never mind that, Abe; you can tell it all the better for a little practice. Besides, you know, it's certainly new to the doctor."

"Hows'ever," commenced the little man, "I've not the leastest objection in the world to tell that little circumstance over agin ef it'll 'commodate the stranger."

"The fact is, you see, doc., I live down yander, in that little cabin you sees in the edge of the timber, t'other side of the negro quarters.

"Well, 'bout three weeks ago, or sich a matter, my old woman she says to me, says she, 'I'm darned tired of chawin' dry deer-meat, I wants something juicyer; and,' says she, 'you'll jist take your gun, and go down to the bottom, and fetch home a hog.'

"So, stranger, I took my gun and sally'd out—for whatever my woman says, I finds it safest to do, without argefying. I can make the plantation hands stan' round, *some*—for they dar'nt jaw back agin;—but it's considerable different with a female. With them critters it's best to come down at onst.

"Well, as I was saying, I sally'd out, with jist my rifle, and the one charge in her—for I only wanted to get one shot. I didn't think I should have 'casion for any extra ammunition, for the hogs war mighty tame.

"When I reached the cane-brake I thought I'd go on and get a drink outen a mighty nice spring, that run inter the river; and jist as I had reached the bank, I heered a kind ov a scrapin' noise over my head; and as I looked up to see what made it—by the holy Moses!—rite up thar, on a big limb that stuck straight out from a swee'-gum, (sweet gum,) I seed two great fiery eyes starin' rite at me! I'm darned, stranger, if they didn't seem to burn rite into mine, they war so hot;—and then behind them eyes was one of the hugest painters I ever seed;—and I tell yer, I've seed some! She war a rale seven-footer, from snout to root.

"I know'd by the shake of the varmint's tail she warn't goin' to set thar long. She war fixin' to give me a call. So I jist fetched old kill-deer up, and held her betwixt them red, fiery eyes of the critter, and let drive. Well, will you believe it, doc! the infarnal varmint didn't budge an inch.

"I sorter reckoned I'd killed her, and sorter reckoned not. She lay close to that 'ar limb, but that long, furry tail of hern hung loose like a bit of moss, and kind o' swayed in the wind.

"'Well,' said I to myself, 'I'll prospect the darned thing.' So I drew out my gunstick, and inter the swee'-gum, in no time.

"I got outen on the limb, whar the critter lay, with her toe-nails a stickin' inter the bark like grim death. Thinks I, 'Old mother painter, I'll fetch yer,' and at that I give her a dig in the ribs with all my might. Marcy on me, but warn't the fat in the fire then!

"She warn't hurt a bit—only my ball had tickled her skull a little, jist under the scalp, and she'd sorter got asleep like. But that thar dig in the ribs woke the critter up. She riz rite up and wheeled upon me. The way I got down outen that swee'-gum *I* can't tell—'twas somehow dreadful quick, I reckon—but one thing I do know for sartin, that that 'ar varmint war down as soon as I war, and she lit onter me like a coon onto a corn hill; and the way, stranger, that thar critter tore me, was awful. See here," and the overseer stripped open his shirt bosom, and exposed to view his hairy breast, covered with the red and recently cicatrized gashes made by the talons of the panther. "But that don't begin with my back and hips. Well, we rolled and tussled—for I fit as well as I could, with nothing but my teeth and fists, till we both fell down the bank.

"Down thar the water war tolerably deep, and I reckoned if I only had the bloody varmint inter the water, I mought drown her. So I managed to slip a little lower down, onter the driftwood below, and as the critter made a lunge arter me, she slipped off a smooth root down betwixt some logs.

"'Now,' says I, 'Abe, is your time;' and as she souzed inter the drink, I reckon it war my turn to jump; and so I catched the critter's tail, and quicker than I could tell it I whipped it in under one log, and betwixt two others that lay close together, and getting a good brace for both feet, held on like grim death to a dead nigger.

"The painter war awful mad, I tell you; but 'twarn't no manner of use. I had her good, and held her down under the drink for more'n ten minutes. She pulled at one end of the tail and I at t'other; but then, stranger, we war both on us pulling for life, and as I vallied mine higher than hern, I pulled a little the strongest, for you see I had the advantage.

"The upshot of it all is, sir," said the overseer, rising to go, "I can show the biggest panther skin in all these parts; and now, if you will jist step over to my cabin, the old woman'll show it to you."

"But, Abe," I asked, "do you go out into the bottom now-a-days without extra ammunition?"

"No, sir-ee! I reckon I don't."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rob Roy is in love with a girl who, he says, is very beautiful, very proud, and very rich, as, when she comes of age, she will be the owner of no less than seven good farms, that are worth at least sixty-five thousand dollars. She is now about twenty years old, and owing to her pride, has got vexed with her lover, and he is afraid, unless they "make up" speedily, he shall lose the farms. He says she has treated him very badly, but still he is willing to overlook it all, and be the first to offer terms of peace, if he can do so in some dignified way that will not be degrading to his feelings. The fair farmer has an album, and he thinks if he could "write a verse in that which would tickle her fancy, and be a sort of apology, it would do the business, as she is mortal vain of her album," and he wants us to tell him "how to write the verse." We have never had much practice in such matters, and are not skillful therein, else we would be glad to oblige our correspondent. As the seven farms are what he seems to be after, perhaps something like this would be appropriate, namely—

Thou art so strong in loveliness,
So bright with beauty's arms,
Thy haughty coldness is not less
Than thy resplendent charms;
And I will everything forgive,
Considering your farms.

Miss E.—There is no accounting for tastes. Your lover is perhaps only teasing, when he says he prefers thick lips in girls to thin ones. It may be, however, that as he has been a whaling voyage, he has acquired a fondness for "blubber" which extends even to the lip, and hence his preference for thick or blubber-lips, as they are sometimes called. Poor Mungo Park, after having turned many African women sick by the straightness of his nose and the thinness of his lips, and frightened others into fits by his unnatural whiteness, was once assured by a friendly woolly-headed gentleman, that though he could not look upon him without an involuntary feeling of disgust, he only felt the more compassion for his misfortune; and upon another occasion he overheard a jury of half naked, ebony matrons debating whether a female could be found in any country to kiss such emaciated, frightful lips. So, you see, your lover is not altogether singular in his taste.

Neptune.—Although we do not agree with you, we do not care to enter into an argument to show that angling, *as a mere amusement*, is not to be justified. We will, for the sake of human nature, suppose that no one will ever attempt to justify it. He who can find *amusement* in keeping one animal in lingering torments, in order to compass the death of another animal, on which he wantonly inflicts pain and death, would either stare in blank amazement at the man who should argue against such a proceeding, or laugh in his face, and turn away to put another worm on his hook and proceed in his sport. And if, when he returned home at the end of it, he should find his little boy sticking a fly with a pin, he would, perhaps, be very angry with him, and punish him for being "*so cruel.*"

Pensacola.—You no doubt believe you are the generous, conscientious man you claim to be, but you make a great mistake in assuming, first, that you are a perfectly upright and liberal man, and, then, secondly, that because you have done a certain thing, it must necessarily have been an honest and generous action. That sort of reasoning will not do. Instead of judging of your actions by your self-assumed character, you should judge your character by your actions. If you have done what all your friends, and the community in general, pronounce to be an unfair and illiberal thing, the chances are ten to one that your friends and the community are right. The truth is, no man is capable of judging as to the fairness, honesty or liberality of his acts that are committed in a state of contention.

F. G.—We never sell back numbers of the Ledger for less than four cents a copy. Back numbers in reality cost us more than current numbers, as it is very troublesome to print a small edition, as we have to do when we run out of back numbers. The back numbers which we have on hand are not old numbers that we have been unable to sell, or, to use a trade phrase, that we have been "stuck" on, but are printed from time to time as we need them for the accommodation of our subscribers, who may desire to make their files perfect by replacing lost numbers.

S. N.—As you asked the young lady to sit for her daguerreotype that you might have her miniature, you should have paid the daguerreotypist when you took the picture away. No wonder the young lady felt annoyed at being dunned for the price of the daguerreotype. The only way to get out of the scrape is to confess your carelessness in not paying for the miniature, and make a suitable apology to the young lady. The most manly frankness is the best remedy for all such entanglements.

Curiosity.—We do not give information concerning our contributors, or the names of anonymous writers for the Ledger. Many eminent persons, who delight in writing for a popular publication, and whose contributions are of a superior character, could not be hired to put pen to paper were they not assured that their names should never be divulged.

V. V.—Your uncle has no right to "order you about," &c., but you would probably lose nothing by treating him with the respect due to his years.

Critic.—Your criticisms of Sir Walter Scott's prose writings are altogether thrown away. His place in literature is permanently fixed, and we think it is fairly fixed, also. He is not accounted a great novelist, but he is acknowledged to be the prince of story-tellers. He is also a polished and brilliant writer. His memory was a magazine of the choicest legends, ballads, anecdotes, and waifs of all kinds, which his brilliant and fervent imagination, his glowing sympathies, his rich fund of humor, and his elegant and copious diction, enabled him to pour forth with a beauty, a pathos, and a humorousness which were perfectly irresistible, whether done off hand in conversation or more deliberately in writing. The celebrated Basil Hall says that, while on a visit to Scott, he (Scott) used to tell about fifty new anecdotes and stories every morning before breakfast, a hundred and fifty before dinner, and two hundred before bedtime. In fact, his anecdotical and legendary material was perfectly inexhaustible, as, when the pond of his memory ran low, he could at once turn on the stream of invention, and make, off hand, any number of as good and telling anecdotes as any one would wish to hear.

A. B. C.—It is not probable that any harm has been done your little daughter by not sending her to school during the first seven years of her life, but henceforth she should be kept steadily at her books, though not overcrowded with studies. Three hours a day should be the limit. An eminent philosopher and physician has said, "The first seven years of life should be devoted to growth and play; the second seven years to growth and play, tempered with moderate yet *regular* study and labor; and the third seven years should be devoted to the mastery of one's trade or profession for life, relieved with such reading as will best fit one for the position he is to occupy, and be most useful to him in his business." This is a very good general theory of education, and if skillfully carried out, with such modifications as individual qualities and circumstances shall demand, would no doubt make healthful and accomplished young men and women.

I. J. I.—You say you are "affianced" to the young lady, and also ask if, considering the fact that she seems to like you very well, you had better "propose" to her. You have made a mistake, or else do not know the meaning of the terms you have used. "Affianced" means betrothed, plighted in marriage, engaged; and if you are already engaged to be married to the young lady, we do not see any good reason why you should "propose" to her. It may be that your and the young lady's parents did the "affiancing," without consulting you and her, and that you wish to know if it would be politic in you to "propose" to her a ratification of their agreement. If that be what you mean, we answer yes; propose a ratification of the old people's agreement, and if the young lady should object to it, you and she can agree to release each other from the bonds imposed upon both of you without the consent of either.

Vivian.—Those members of your debating society who maintain that "The British troops are overstocked with cruelty and deficient in courage," must have read history (if they have ever read it at all) to very poor purpose. No braver soldiers than the British ever withstood the shock of battle, and so far as we know they are no more cruel than the French, or any other European troops. War is not a very tender pastime; and men who have spent the vigor of their manhood in the camp cannot be expected to look at a gun-shot wound, a saber stroke, or the loss of an arm, leg or head, as a very serious matter. And yet many a battle has not been so productive of suffering as one "railroad collision" or "steamboat disaster."

Ambition.—The Secretary of War means just what he says in his communication to the Ledger, published in the number of March 14th, 1857, concerning the Military Academy at West Point. When he says the "candidate must be over sixteen years of age, *at the time of entrance* into the Academy," he means just that, and nothing more or less. As the time of entrance for next year will be in June, and as you will be sixteen in the May preceding, of course you will be eligible so far as age is concerned, although, if you cannot understand the Secretary's statement, you may be rejected on the ground of mental incapacity. On graduating from the Military Academy, the cadets have to enter the U. S. Army, whether they wish to do so or not.

O. O. O.—Don't cry. He will come back. He is only trying the strength of your temper and your affection. Men (and women too, for that matter) often act foolishly when they are over their ears in love. It is impossible that such an excellent man as you describe your lover to be could seriously intend to break off an engagement because the object of his affections very properly obeyed a command of her mother's in a matter in which he was not at all concerned, and which to him was not, and is not, and never can be, of the slightest consequence. If he be capable of doing such an unjust and foolish thing, you should congratulate yourself on having escaped a union for life with him.

Union Square.—Your country cousins had good reason to be offended. Like all country girls they are doubtless very warm hearted and affectionate, and supposed you would be as glad to see them at your house as they have always been to see you at theirs. Your formal and polite reception of them, and your leaving them to mope alone in your great parlors, the first evening of their arrival, while you went to a party, was enough to pain, offend, and even disgust almost any relative and guest whether from the country or the city. If you are not willing your country cousins should visit you, you should not visit them, and impose on their goodnature and generous hospitality.

Munchausen.—We do not believe in ghosts. No amount of attestation, by the most respectable people, could make us believe in them. We would believe that the declarants *thought* they saw the apparitions, but nothing more. Your story is utterly absurd. You saw no ghost. It was probably the white window curtain flapping in the breeze. When we see the City Hall raise itself say one hundred feet in the air, and pass over the Hudson, and settle down on Hoboken heights, we will take the matter of believing in ghosts into serious consideration, and not before.

Governor.—You are too harsh in your censures upon the governor who refused to pardon your friend who is under sentence of death. A high officer of the government must act, in such cases, with the utmost caution, and without reference to his own private feelings or the feelings of friends and relatives of the condemned. He must be guided solely by considerations of the public good. It is natural, however, for you to feel as you do; and we hope that, on reflection, you will perceive that it is as unreasonable as it is natural.

Discarded.—Why do you wish to keep the young lady's letters? They can do you no good, and you should be above doing aught for the petty purpose of spiting a girl whose only offense consists in loving somebody else better than she loves you. Return all her letters, and in other respects act in such a manner as will show her that you are at least worthy of her affection, although you had not the good fortune to win it.

U. S.—It would be well for you to do your best towards conciliating the old gentleman, as you have determined to marry his daughter. This butting of one's lover head against the wall of a papa's obstinacy, which seems so romantic before marriage, becomes a most terrible bore and annoyance by the time the grandchildren have arrived at hanging-up-Christmas-stocking age.

Equity wants to know if a married couple, citizens of Canada, and married in the British dominions, could get a divorce, on the ground of "incompatibility," in any of the United States. They could not do it without residing a couple of years in this country, and in the State in which the application should be made. Ohio, Indiana or Illinois would be a good State to "move to" for such a purpose.

H. B. T.—As you are amply able to support a wife, and you and the young lady, and the parents on both sides, are pleased with the match, we see no reason why you should not get married at once, unless it be that you are rather young for such an important venture. Should you travel a couple of years before marrying, your after life might be far happier.

H. B., Jr.—As the lady knows the address of your friend, and is on good terms with him, it would not be improper for you to send a letter for him to her with a request that she would address it. Your note to her should be formal and brief, and contain only what is necessary to state your request and the reason why it is made.

Doctor.—No matter whether you ordered the work done or not. As you saw the workmen doing it, and understood from them that they supposed you had ordered it done, and permitted them to go on under that impression and complete the job, you will have to pay for it, as you should.

T. H. R.—Your stories are fairly written, but there is hardly *substance* and *solidity* enough in the matter and style. These will probably come with practise. We do not wish for voluntary or involuntary contributions beyond what we have already contracted for.

X. X. X.—We cannot say whether or not it is wrong for you to drink beer. You must decide that matter for yourself. If you are not laying up money against "a rainy day," you should avoid indulgences of all kinds.

X. Incognita.—You can hold the property which has been settled on you, whether your husband live or die. If you wish to have it descend to any particular person or persons, you must make a will to that effect.

A. R.—We do not know how the bird lime, with which bird-catchers in Europe catch birds, is made. Perhaps some of our correspondents will send us a recipe for making it; if so, we will publish it.

1858.—It is unsafe to hazard an opinion as to the future performances of the Atlantic Telegraph. We should all be patient with the conductors of the enterprise, refrain from faultfinding, and hope for the best.

Xantippe.—You can never make your husband better by scolding at him.

**** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*